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Vol. CCVI, No. 2692
SEPTEMBER 15, 1951

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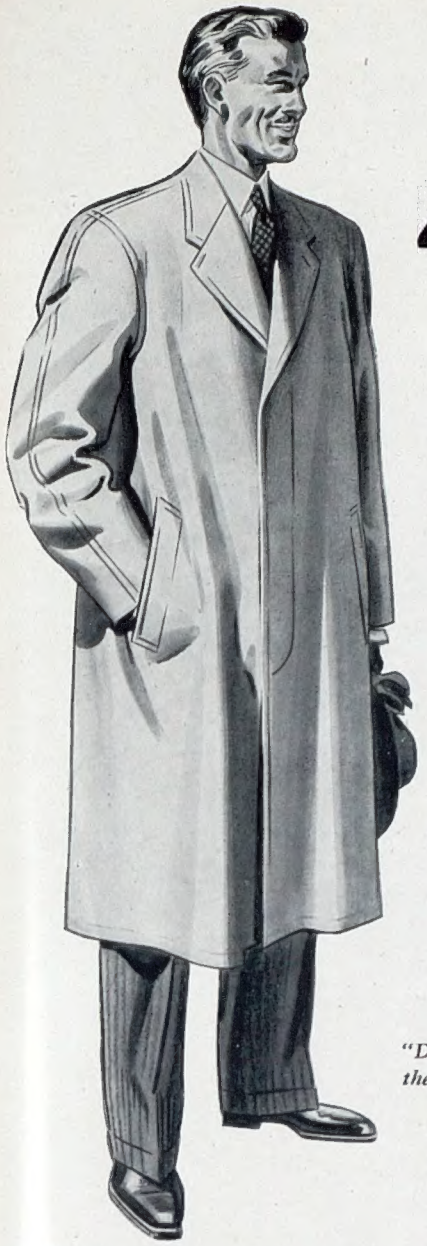

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33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

Volume CCVI No. 2692 The SPHERE, London, September 15, 1951

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE KING'S LONDON VISIT—HIS MAJESTY ACKNOWLEDGING THE CROWDS FROM HIS CAR AS HE DROVE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE FROM EUSTON STATION LAST SATURDAY: Within an hour of his arrival the King had driven to Upper Wimpole Street to the consulting rooms of Dr. George Cordiner, the radiologist. Later in the day he boarded a Viking aircraft at London Airport and flew to Dyce Airport, Aberdeenshire, en route to Balmoral.

Last Saturday the King arrived in London at 10 a.m. by train from Scotland and five-and-a-half hours later he was on his way back to Balmoral to continue his interrupted holiday on Deeside. The fact that the King came specially to London, and spent an hour-and-a-half in the consulting rooms of his radiologist, aroused general comment in the Sunday Press, and fears were expressed that his Majesty might have to curtail or abandon his forthcoming Australian tour on the grounds of health. Last week-end there was no statement from the King's medical advisers, merely the bare announcement in the *London Gazette* of the King's journey to London and back to Scotland. Last Sunday, when the King and members of the Royal Family attended divine service at Crathie Church, sightseers from Aberdeen and Glasgow thronged the approaches to the church, and it was estimated that there were more than three hundred private cars and coaches in the vicinity of the little village.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

San Francisco.—And so to San Francisco. It is not regarded as waste of money or energy to employ all the resources of the Press, Radio and Cinema to report in detail a prize-fight between two middle-weights or an eight-oared race between two universities. How much more important, then, to use those resources for an international conference aiming at a clear stage towards world peace. And yet the preliminary filming and reporting of this latest conference assembly of the Powers did seem, as a result of bitter experience, hardly worth the effort. The prize-fight at least has a decisive finish, the race is rowed and won or lost. But these conferences so often end merely in deadlock and bathos. The high hopes founder and one more effort is called off. Mr. Truman can hardly have been free from such misgivings when he opened the ball at San Francisco. He wanted to register *something*, and he chose to offer a challenge to Mr. Gromyko. He believed that the bulk of the nations represented considered the draft treaty for Japan to be a good one and likely to reduce the bitterness of the world by so much. And he challenged Mr. Gromyko to sabotage it if his clear intention was to keep the twelve-years war lively.

Twelve Years.—Sitting in a grouse butt, waiting for the trouble to begin, I looked at the well-remembered peaks and scars and lines of butts, and I felt that only these remained unchanging and unchanged relics of life before the wars. The everlasting hills and the everlasting wars! Peace on earth and ill-will among men. Time was (and not long ago) when the tempting phrase: "Every luxury—hot and cold water" marked the apex of civilisation. To-day its nadir is revealed in "hot and cold wars." It was that day twelve years ago that we declared war on Germany and "went to the defence of Poland," a rather empty phrase, but a distinct gesture in the cause of freedom. Germany was at last soundly beaten; her allies, Italy and Japan, were pulverised and utterly humiliated, and still, six years after that war ended, peace treaties are still wanting, and there are no signs of peace. The twelve-years war threatens to merge into a third World War, to prepare for which, not very adequately, we are straining such resources as remain to us to breaking-point. We have shown to the world that we will not abandon the cause of freedom nor surrender our own way of life; the pacts we have created and signed, the sacrifices we have made for defence, already prove that to the hilt. Yet the reactions of our new enemies, declared or undeclared, are curiously disappointing. The more we show in proof of our determination, the more recklessly the smaller nations, whose nationalism troubles the waters of civilisation, scorn those proofs and positively push the general and the local tensions to the crater-edge of war. And Russia, the great shadow, broods over the world, inscrutable, terrible, and, if words have any meaning still, lacking both policy and logic. The burnt child was once said to dread the fire. That proverb is dead. The burnt child has no other toy but a firebrand.

American Morals.—Mr. Hoover had a strong word to say of the present corruption rife in America. He was historically accurate when he said that America had a worse enemy to face than invading armies, and that great nations before now had come to grief through internal rot as often as by external invasion and defeat. He saw the worst feature of this corruption in the intellectual dishonesty of a section of the American people. He saw bribery rampant and rife, political fraud not confined to any one party and a tolerance with corruption and indecency and scandalous behaviour which had reached its apex in American history. Mr. Hoover at any rate is a better judge of modern America than I. I think the Pilgrim Fathers, if they could see what Mr. Hoover sees, would not think his words too strong. I accept it from Mr. Hoover that complaisance with evil of all kinds stains the honour of a decent and perhaps huge majority of that great nation, a complaisance which tolerates scandalous livers, which passes as shrewd policy the printing of sheer filth in literature and considers that anything which can be spent to evade the law is money well and wisely spent. Some of this dishonesty is excused as sentiment or humanity, no doubt. And we take our cues from America. We have first lightly, then complaisantly, and to-day slavishly, accepted their lead in the fashions of the day, in debased music, debased literature and debased art, and, I think, in debased political and social morality. I wonder when a man with a duster will arise to cleanse that vast Augean stable.

VENICE EN FETE—THE GONDOLAS STREAM DOWN THE GRAND CANAL DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE ANNUAL REGATTA: The gondoliers group their craft according to size and shape, and each section races down the canal. The winners receive prizes from "the fairest lady present." The festival is in celebration of the Feast of the Redemption, and it originated some time in the thirteenth century, when the ruling Doge, gazing in admiration on the long file of colourfully-draped gondolas streaming across the bay to the Lido on the Feast of the Assumption, decided that a Feast Day should be held essentially on behalf of the gondoliers. For the regatta the gondoliers put on their finest costumes, decorate their gondolas, and before the race pass in a long file before the specially-erected platform accommodating the leading dignitaries. During these late summer days Venice has been en fete as never before in modern times, and notabilities from every corner of the world have converged upon the city of the Doges, some of them coming specially for the house-warming "party of the century" given at the Labia Palace by Don Carlos de Bestegui. A special "Sphere" section, entitled "Venezia at Work and Play," appears on pages 378-81 of this issue.

The State of Literature.—Western civilisation and culture are sometimes decried and retrogressions are usually put down to the evil effects of war on the health of mind and body and to the unseating of reason and discipline which follows war. Lawlessness and a weakening of moral codes invariably follow long wars. I am here considering only the field of culture and am competent to speak neither of poetry, painting, sculpture or music. I allow myself a say concerning certain forms of literature. I should say that in the art of novel-writing, of biography, history and adventure, the competence of Western writers never stood so consistently and so generally high. Never before in our Western social history did so many books in these categories qualify for the Classic list; no era ever produced so many books which deserve to live for a century or longer. The literature of adventure and escape (of the type of *Kon-tiki* and *The Wooden Horse*) is positively bursting with such classics on merit far higher than that which makes a "best-seller." The state of austerity which handicaps publishing practically eliminates a mediocre novel, and only the competent—to-day a majority of novel-writers—can hope to reach print. When I was a child, still three-quarters of the year's publication of novels by enthusiastic amateurs dealing with drawing-room themes were doomed to death in a year or a decade at best, and that, I think, is why the "hundred best" remained so long and too long unrevised. In those days, too, the art of biography was not generally at a high standard. The full-dress, three-volume biography of the V.I.P. was turgid, dreary, irrelevant and unsatisfying, and only a very few, who tried it had a clear idea of the technique or any editorial ability. For certainly the art of biography stands or falls by selection and rejection, and those old biographers rejected nothing, were mere hoarders and collectors. And that goes also for historians. "Geography is about maps," history, like biography, should be "about chaps," and both the latter arts need a good deal of the method of novel-writing—as Boswell knew, but all too few of his successors until our day. Biography which concentrates on dead religious or political controversy is stale as history and as biography, a contradiction in terms. In fine, I sympathise with the pundits who may venture to decide on the 100 best books in Western literature forty years on. They will have radically to revise the present ranking to make room for at least fifty competitors who have been born in our own day.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

THOSE in search of a gift for friends, either at home or overseas, will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal solution. Each week, the new copy will be a fresh reminder of the kind thought and good wishes of the friend at home. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed: The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, together with the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and enclosing the subscription. Inland and Eire, £5 16s. 6d. Canada, £5 14s. Elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Xmas Number).

Highland Life—and Death—in 1830.—I looked again into Osgood Mackenzie's *Hundred Years in the Highlands*, and I wondered once more how much faith one may put upon the youthful memories of a man who writes in old age. The weather, for instance. In the "good old days" in Gairloch, summer was summer. You wore tropical kit month after sweltering month; you lived in and not on the lochs. There is no memory but of sunshine and heat. Men, like sundials, I fancy, only count the sunny hours, or perhaps boys do not feel the cold as old men feel it. I know this, that never again will I take a thin shooting-suit up to Scotland in August or September, for I have never, since youth, felt warm there save for a famous August in 1947. But Osgood Mackenzie certainly needed compensations in the way of weather, for in the '30's of last century, and much later, there were no roads and only very rough tracks north of Kinlochewe. Read his account of a very young bride's funeral progress from Gairloch to burial at Beauly. Every male in Gairloch left his croft or job for a week. They were divided into four companies, each 125 strong. The coffin was carried on the shoulders of eight men in short reliefs, the next eight falling in silently before the retiring bearers: it was carried over hill and dale, through rivers and by boat across lochs, over heather and hags and rocks. The first day they did twenty-five miles, always at four miles an hour. The second they did forty miles, and finished on the third day. At night they lay, 500 strong, on "plenty of straw," and there was plenty of whisky, too. No difficulty about food, and the weather was always perfect. They needed these compensations in 1830, and I am sure they had them as regards drink and meat. But did the sun never cease to shine? Perhaps so; the writers-up of Skye in our own day tell us that every day from May to October is a fine, hot, cloudless summer day in that misty isle, and I suppose it is sheer bad luck that when I chance to cross the ferry at Kyle-a-kin, the rain never ceases to pour down.

THE OLD STAGER

THE SAN FRANCISCO OPERA HOUSE, WHERE PRESIDENT TRUMAN WELCOMED THE DELEGATES OF FIFTY-TWO NATIONS TO THE CONFERENCE ON THE JAPANESE PEACE TREATY, AND WHERE FORTY-NINE NATIONS EVENTUALLY SIGNED THE DOCUMENT: The Treaty was signed last Saturday, and with its signature the state of war with Japan is brought officially to an end and a new era of co-operation is ushered in in the Pacific. Only Russia's two satellites, Czechoslovakia and Poland, followed her in refusing to sign the Treaty, while China and India were not represented. Although Mr. Gromyko denounced the Treaty as "a draft for a new war," his opposition was less stubborn than some had expected it to be.

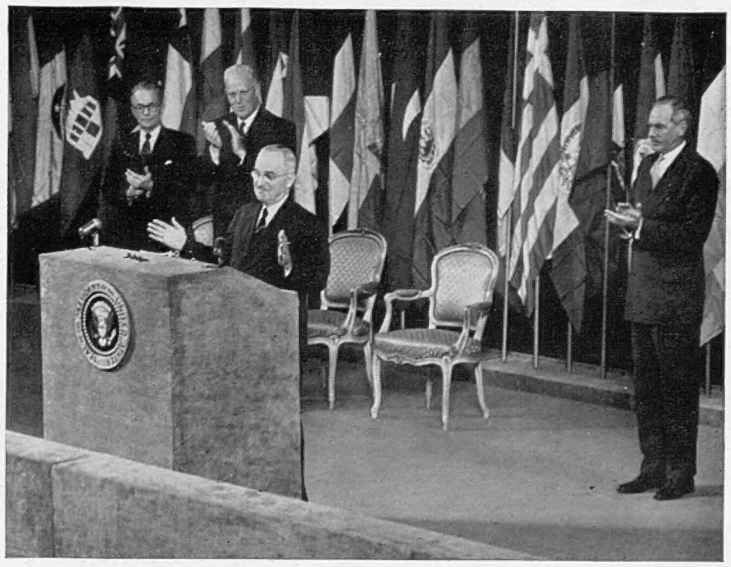
FORTY-NINE NATIONS SIGN THE JAPANESE PEACE TREATY

SOME HIGHLIGHTS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO GATHERING

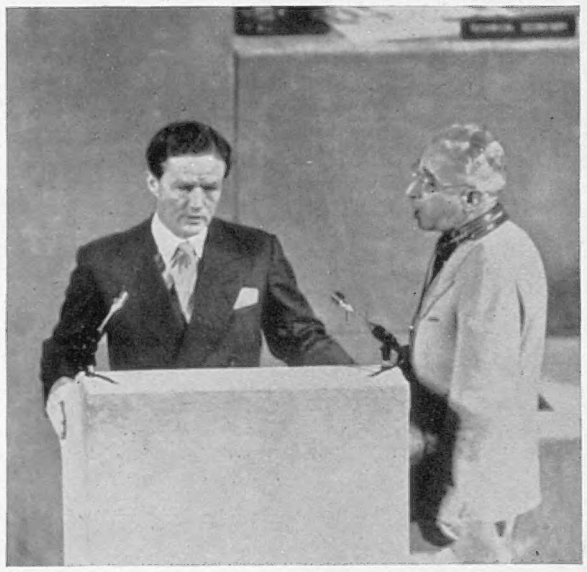
With the acceptance by Japanese Premier Shigeru Yoshida of peace terms that reduce the vast Japanese Empire from over 300,000 to under 136,000 square miles, and with the failure of Andrei Gromyko, the chief Russian delegate, to drive home his criticisms of the Treaty, the San Francisco Peace Conference came to an end, and the representatives of no fewer than forty-nine nations put their signatures to the document. Among the highlights of the conference were the series of personal encounters between Mr. Gromyko and Mr. Dean Acheson, the conference president. Time after time Mr. Acheson emerged successful from these verbal procedural duels, and there is little doubt that his conduct of the conference will add immensely to his prestige in the United States.

The Russian, Czech and Polish delegates did not attend the signing ceremony, but at a Press conference Mr. Gromyko took an opportunity of delivering a final blast, declaring that without the participation of the Soviet Union and the Chinese People's Republic in the Japanese Peace Treaty there could be no genuine peace settlement.

While the delegates of Pakistan and Ceylon were among the Asian nations lending strong support to the Treaty, perhaps the most significant voice raised at San Francisco was that of Foreign Minister Schuman of France, who, speaking with the results of previous peace conferences in mind, not only endorsed the conciliatory principles of this Japanese Treaty but also repudiated some of the basic features of past peace treaties, in particular those features which sought to impose rigorous controls and restrictions on the vanquished, to keep them demilitarised and weak, and to exact impossible reparations. Such provisions, he declared, are dangerous illusions which soon break down, leaving the victors disunited and exhausted and the vanquished bitter and thirsting for revenge.



PRESIDENT TRUMAN SETS THE BALL ROLLING AT SAN FRANCISCO: The President opening the Japanese Treaty Conference. Standing behind him are Governor Earl Warren of California and Dr. Warren Kelchner, who acted as temporary President of the conference. On the right is Secretary of State Dean Acheson, who later took over the Presidency and achieved a great personal triumph in his handling of matters of procedure.



TWO MOMENTS OF DRAMA AT THE TREATY CONFERENCE: *Right*—Mr. Andrei Gromyko and Mr. S. A. Golunsky leading the Russian delegation in a walk-out from the conference auditorium after the delegates had refused to vote on their amendments. After the Czechs, Poles and Russians had conferred briefly in the lobby they all walked back again, all wearing broad grins. *Left*—While Mr. Kenneth Younger, the British delegate, takes over the rostrum, the Polish delegate, Stefan Wierblowski, protests bitterly that he has been ousted from the rostrum, having apparently exceeded his time limit for speaking.

TWO OF THE FORTY-NINE SIGNATORIES SET THEIR NAMES TO AN HISTORIC DOCUMENT: *Left*—Mr. Herbert Morrison, United Kingdom Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with Mr. Kenneth Younger standing beside him, signing the San Francisco Treaty. *Right*—Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese Prime Minister, signing on behalf of Japan. In his own country the Treaty has not been received with jubilation, and there had been bitter comment in the Tokyo Press on Japan's grievous territorial losses.

THE SCENE AT PRINCESS ROYAL PARK, BRAEMAR, WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY WATCHED THE HIGHLAND GAMES : There were record crowds again this year for the Braemar Gathering. The King, wearing Highland dress, and the Queen, in slate-blue, were accompanied by Princess Margaret. Other cars brought to the games the Duke of Edinburgh, his mother, the Princess Andrew of Greece, the Duchess of Kent, the young Duke of Kent, and Prince Michael. The Games this year were remarkable for the number of overseas visitors who attended. The King and Queen were reminded of their forthcoming visit to Australia by the presence of the Australian pipe band, who are on a world tour, and Australia was also represented by the people presented to their Majesties during the day. During the Games, George Clark, a heavy-weight athlete of Grange, Banffshire, succeeded, after many years' endeavour, in tossing the outsize Braemar caber, which is 21 ft. long and weighs over 2 cwt. He was the first man to accomplish this feat and won a £10 prize

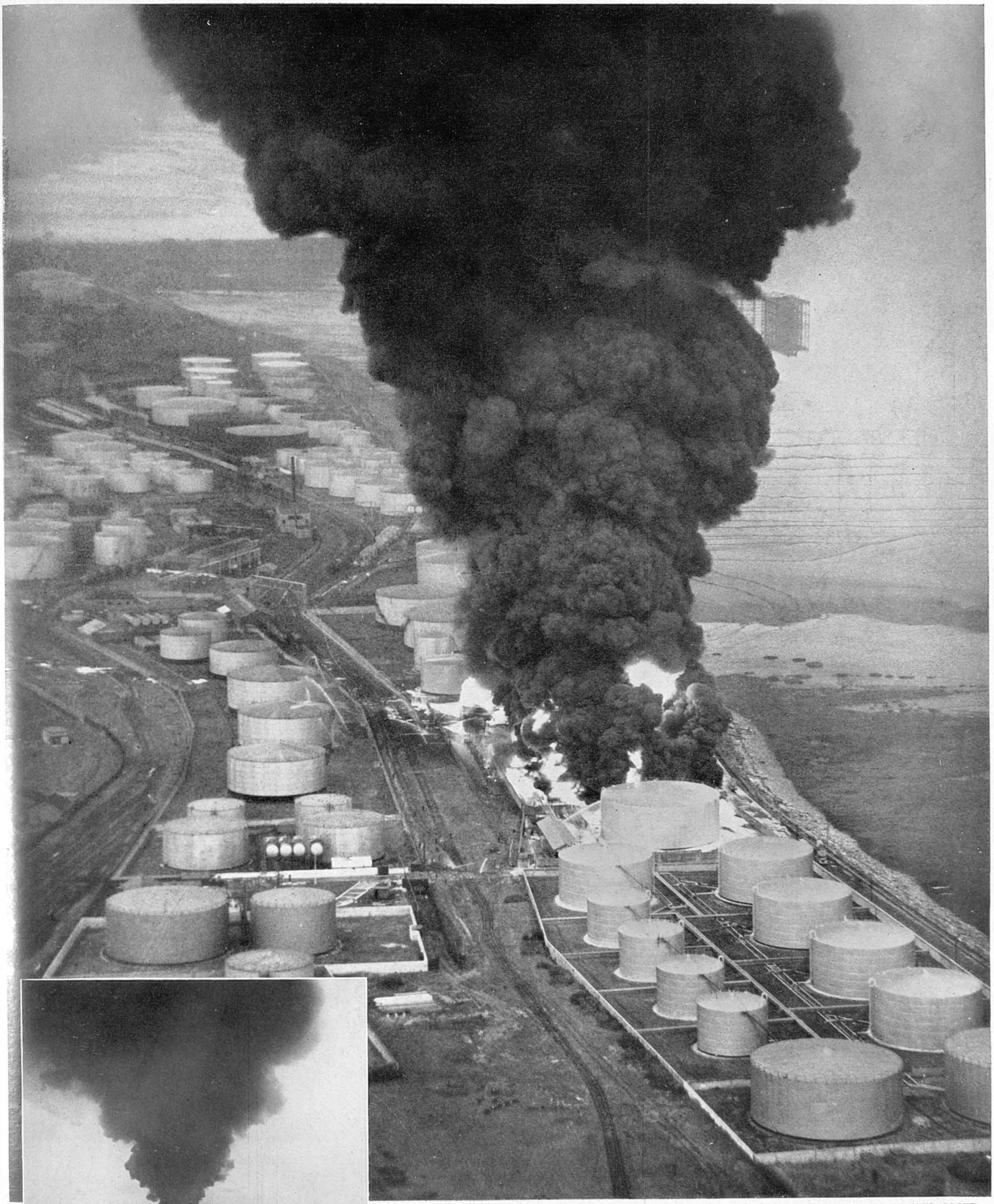
THE MARQUIS OF ABERDEEN IN CONVERSATION WITH THE KING AND QUEEN DURING THE HIGHLAND GAMES AT BRAEMAR : On the extreme left, next to Princess Margaret and the Duke of Edinburgh, is Mrs. A. A. Farquharson. Over 30,000 people crowded into the Princess Royal Park to watch the Braemar Games.

MASSED PIPE BANDS MARCH AROUND THE ARENA AT BRAEMAR : When the cars bringing members of the Royal Family arrived at the Park the bands played "The 79th's Farewell to Gibraltar," which is the favourite pipe tune of Princess Margaret. Another special attraction was the performance of the Australian pipe band. When they had finished, Drum-Major W. Darwen and Pipe-Major H. Fraser, both from Melbourne, were presented to their Majesties.

The BRAEMAR GAMES and the ABOYNE BALL

THE ROYAL FAMILY PLAY THEIR PART IN THE DEESIDE SEASON

PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE ABOYNE BALL : A company of about 300 were present at the Ball, one of the big features of the Deeside season. *Above and on left*—The Princess takes part in some of the old Scottish dances at the Aboyne Ball. The Princess wears a tartan sash across her lovely gown.



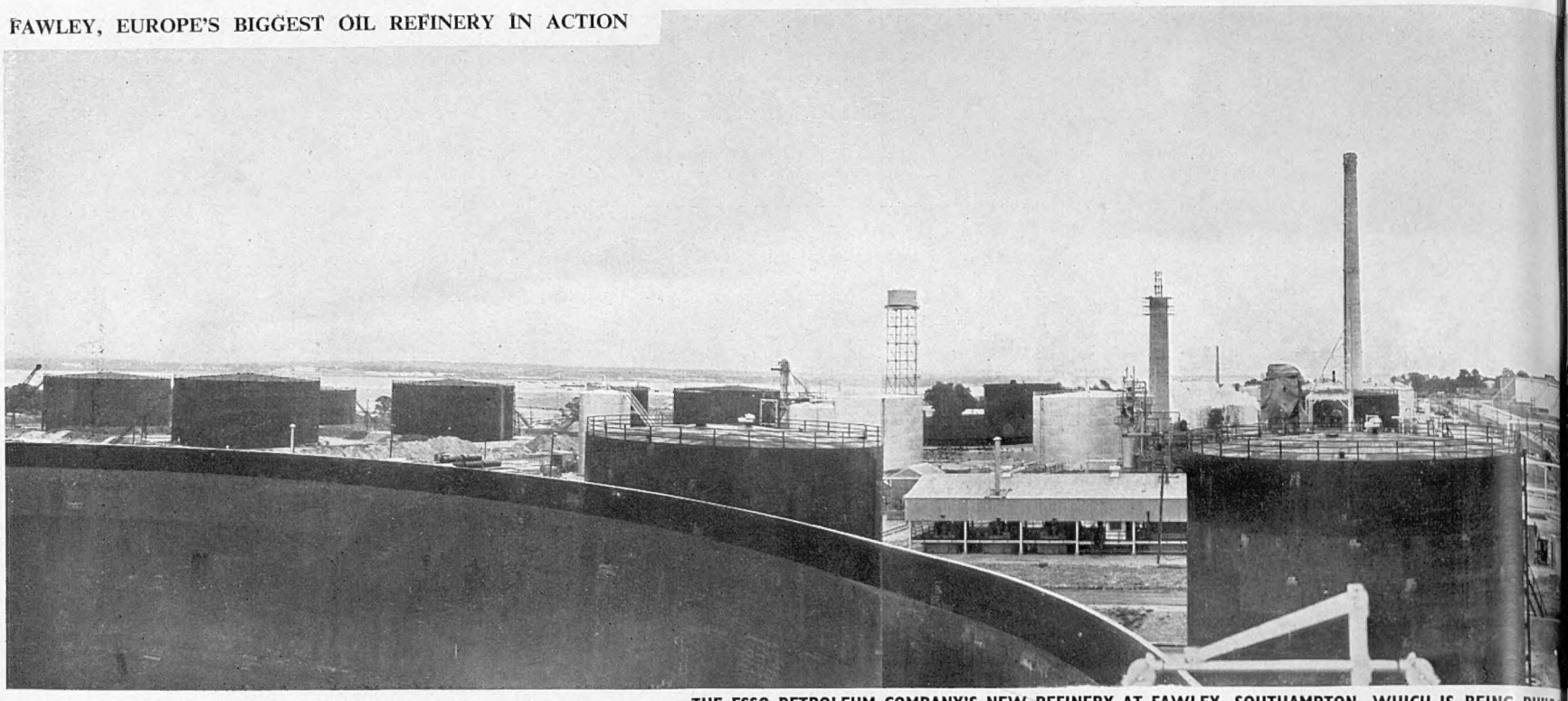
TWELVE MILLION GALLONS OF OIL WERE DESTROYED ON THE FIRST DAY OF THIS MIGHTY BLAZE: Dense clouds of black smoke surging above the Royal Edward Dock, Avonmouth, Bristol, after the outbreak of the disastrous fire which is believed to have started in a small Diesel-oil tank. Nine hours after the outbreak fourteen large tanks were involved and two people were missing, presumed killed. More tanks exploded on the following day, and supplies of fire-fighting foam were being sent by road, rail and air from many parts of Southern England. *Inset on left*—A more general view of the affected dock area.

OIL

FROM BRISTOL TO TEHERAN IT IS THE VITAL QUESTION OF THE DAY

For months past the question of oil has dominated the headlines of the world's newspapers, and ever since the end of the war oil has been in the forefront of all economic planning. At the moment of writing oil dominates the news more than ever. At Avonmouth, near Bristol, there has been a great conflagration among the oil-storage tanks in the dock area, causing some loss of life and tremendous loss of property. Down at Southampton the giant Esso Refinery, the largest in Europe, now has its official opening, and all over the country work progresses on other new refinery plants and on plant enlargements, notably at Llandarcy, in South Wales. In distant Teheran oil is no less the subject of the day, and there a somewhat disconsolate Persian Premier awaits developments in a situation he has helped to render hopelessly out of hand.

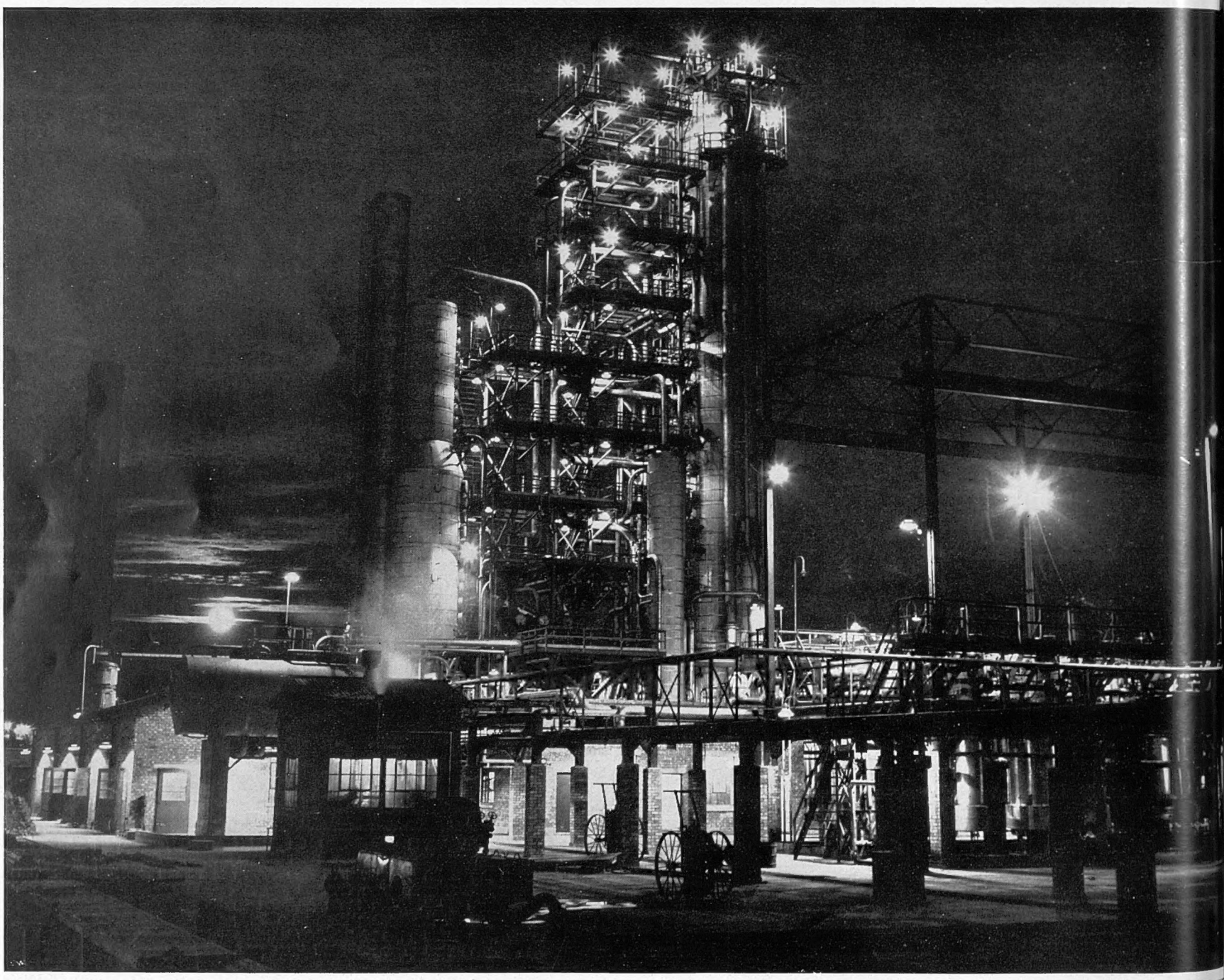
FAWLEY, EUROPE'S BIGGEST OIL REFINERY IN ACTION



OIL:

A MIGHTY INDUSTRY WHICH IS POSING AND SOLVING WORLD PROBLEMS

THE ESSO PETROLEUM COMPANY'S NEW REFINERY AT FAWLEY, SOUTHAMPTON, WHICH IS BEING BUILT A COST OF OVER £37,000,000 AND WHICH THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. ATTLEE, ARRANGED TO OPEN TH WEEK : This is a general panorama of the site which accommodates the largest oil refinery in Europe and w when finally completed, produce some 6,000,000 tons of petroleum products a year, including a daily output 1,000,000 gallons of high-quality motor spirit. No E.C.A. dollars are involved in the financing of Fawley, and it prove a mighty dollar-saver. Towards the right of the picture is the Catalytic Cracking Plant. The "Cat Cracke as it is called, provides the most modern method of extracting the maximum amount of motor spirit from the crude



PROCESSING GOES ON NIGHT AND DAY AT LLANDARCY—WORK IN PROGRESS AT THE GREAT WELSH OIL REFINERY WHICH HAS BEEN VASTLY EXPANDED WITH THE AID OF DOLLARS GRANTED FROM E.C.A. FUNDS : The Llandarcy plant is operated by National Oil Refineries, a subsidiary of Anglo-Iranian, and it deals with crude o which comes to Swansea from the Middle East. The Persian oil crisis has lent an urgency to operations at Llandarcy, and production has now been pushed up to the rate of 4,000,000 tons a year—ten times the pre-war capacity of the plant.

Britain's considerable dependence upon America for petrol and other products of crude oil, of which the motoring public was painfully aware during the early post-war days of rationing, is at last being eased as United Kingdom refinery capacity is steadily raised. There are several new refinery projects and plant enlargement plans now in operation in this country. In some cases E.C.A. funds have made it possible for the companies concerned to change their sterling into dollars to buy the requisite plant, and in other cases no Marshall Aid has been involved. One of the great dollar-savers is the refinery at Llandarcy, between Neath and Swansea. This is a subsidiary of Anglo-Iranian. Another is the Shell Haven Refinery, Essex, part of the Royal Dutch Shell Group, and in addition the Vacuum Company, a subsidiary of Socony Vacuum Oil Company of New York, has joined with the Powell Duffryn Group in the construction of the new refinery at Coryton, on the north bank of the Thames Estuary. Greatest project of all is the Esso Refinery at Fawley, illustrated at the head of these pages.

THE DEBUTANISER TOWER AT FAWLEY, THE NEW ESSO REFINERY NEAR THE SHORES OF SOUTHAMPTON WATER: The debutaniser removes butane and other gases from motor spirit. Just in front of it, and slightly to the right, is the copper sweetening unit, which removes corrosive compounds from spirit. On the right in the background is the plant which produces fuel for jet aircraft.

On what was once lush grazing land bordering the marshes along Southampton Water, an army of men has been engaged in erecting the tanks, distillation plant and miles of pipe-line for Europe's latest and largest refinery. Site clearance began in July 1949, and now the first stage of the refinery is completed well ahead of schedule. When in full operation the Esso Petroleum Company's new refinery will supply nearly 30 per cent. of the present total demand for motor spirit in the British Isles, and compared with the cost of importing a similar quantity of refined petroleum products, the refinery will effect a saving in foreign exchange of about 200,000 dollars a week. Fawley employs the newest method of refining, known as fluid catalytic cracking. In the language of the refiner, cracking means the breaking-down of the large molecules of heavy petroleum fractions such as gas oil and fuel oils into smaller molecules of gases and motor spirit by subjecting them to very high temperatures. Petroleum may be cracked by heat alone, but refiners have found that a higher yield of motor spirit of better quality can be made when a catalyst is added. This is a substance which causes other substances to change chemically without being changed itself. In catalytic cracking, the oil is vaporised and the vapours are brought into contact with a specially-prepared catalyst which selects, separates and re-combines certain of the molecules. The fluid catalytic cracking method uses a catalyst so finely powdered that it flows like a liquid, intermingling with the oil vapours. The process has the advantage of maintaining a continuous flow of fresh catalyst without any mechanical handling.

Petroleum products resulting from distillation or cracking all require further processing to meet the standards of present-day refining. Acids, clays, solvents, and various other chemicals are used at Fawley to remove undesirable compounds and to turn out finished products of various and exacting specifications. One of the units used in this connection is the 113-ft. debutaniser which removes butane and other gases from the motor spirit so that it meets required vapour pressure specifications.

Fawley has its own Marine Terminal. At the new jetty berth the tankers bring in crude oil from the Middle East to feed the new refinery. The 3,200-ft.-long jetty is one of the longest oil jetties in the world. To build it 400 85-ft. hollow piles up to 20 tons in weight had to be driven into the bed of Southampton Water.

IN TEHERAN, THE FRUSTRATION OF HOPE DEFERRED

MOUSSADEK THE CONTEMPLATIVE: While the hands on his wrist-watch tick away the vital hours, Dr. Moussadek, the Persian Prime Minister, sits disconsolately on his sick-bed wondering what to do next. Dr. Moussadek's political flounderings are landing him ever deeper into the oily quagmire of immoderate nationalism. *On left*—Thousands of young Communists, giving Dr. Moussadek yet another headache, demonstrating in Teheran on August 24. They were holding aloft portraits of their comrades killed during a previous demonstration.

BRITAIN CAMPS ONCE MORE IN BELGIUM

The Return to the Land of an Ever-Friendly Ally

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHATEVER the United Kingdom's hesitation, disinclination, or refusal to form part of a European Army, her military presence side by side with this force which henceforward will have General Eisenhower's unstinted backing as the best available means of drawing Germans into the common ranks, is more certain than is the force itself at this stage.

If additional proof were needed of this, one has only to turn to the construction—unprecedented outside wartime—of a huge military supply base in Belgium, in the province of Brabant, between Antwerp and the Dutch border.

While it is true that the new base is being substituted for Hamburg, which could be sealed off by a sudden Soviet thrust from only a few score miles away, there are other factors to be considered, such as that Britain is likely to stay on in the Antwerp area as long as the Russian threat lasts, whereas her presence at Hamburg would necessarily be subject to variations in the Occupation of West Germany.

Or again, the return to ever-friendly Belgium has been ordained by a revolutionary departure from orthodox British measures taken in anticipation of a possible major conflict on the Continent. What were these in the past? The answer comes in a string of names: Boulogne, Le Havre, Cherbourg, St. Nazaire. We waited until war had broken out and then started building up bases across the Channel.

A certain Captain Ironside was among a handful of Regulars who crossed to Boulogne at the beginning of August 1914, to lay the foundations of the B.E.F.'s first base. The following month I found him down at St. Nazaire, where a new base had to be hurriedly contrived in view of an imminent German threat to Boulogne and even Havre. (I say "found" him, because he promptly confiscated all my petrol and was extremely abrupt, but we got over it.)

A quarter of a century later that preliminary canter at Boulogne and St. Nazaire was to stand the C.I.G.S. of 1939 in good stead. A certain matter indicated his seeing me at the War Office, when he was able to say that all was going more than well with the landings at St. Nazaire and elsewhere. That was in late September and, contrary to all expectations, the Germans hadn't dropped a bomb on the French ports involved.

Adieu à tout cela (to lighten the cliché's impact). Whether or not the Russians might be tempted to follow in the footsteps of Hitler and his initial phoney war, the Service Ministries have agreed that the risk of immediate atomic or heavy bombing attacks on Southern British ports would be too great to permit of a return to the policy of starting bases from zero on the Continent after war has been entered upon.

Construction of the base near Antwerp—actually in the triangle formed by Herenthals, Lierre and Aerschot—draws attention to an equally radical departure in respect of the British Regular Army itself (and the National Servicemen posted to it for foreign service). Except for calls made upon it in the Middle and Far East and for slender colonial commitments, the standing Army will shortly be found on the Continent, along with its dumps, supply centres, repair shops, and a variety of technical and training schools of instruction.

Reports have appeared, purporting to designate the relatively small number of Regular troops to be retained in the United Kingdom. Suffice that such units as are held at home are likely to be mainly concerned with protection against mass parachute descents, and, of course, with A.-A. defence.

So the Antwerp base, which will be the main one whatever others are subsequently added in Holland, France or Germany, is nothing if not an earnest of solidarity with the force General Eisenhower succeeds in extracting from his most complicated European-Atlantic "set-up"; as, indeed, could not very well be otherwise, considering the presence of Field-Marshal Montgomery as wide-ranging battle-planner against aggression and B.A.O.R. forming part of General Eisenhower's command.

The fact of Britain re-pitching her tent in Belgium is a leading subject of conversation in that country, especially in the Antwerp region. Mixed feelings? Well, there are those who dwell upon the very severe human and material losses that Antwerp received from flying bombs in 1944-45. But the great bulk of Belgians have shed what notions may have been cherished of "getting through a third occupation" and are wholeheartedly of the West, as two full-strength divisions under S.H.A.P.E., 30,000 men, should next year testify.

Mixed feelings there certainly were among the farmers whose land was requisitioned to make room for the new British base. That was the first that was heard of the whole business. A number of farmers were handed notices by the Defence Ministry, which advised them that they were to be bought out, lock, stock and barrel. As consolation, they or their families would be given the first chance of buying back their farms when the area taken over was no longer needed.

Meanwhile, urgency was indicated by the notification that field crops could be harvested, but beet- and potato-sowing would be lost to the farmers; and, in point of fact, the base is being hurried into readiness for the turn of the year.

Protest as they might—and they held meetings radiating in all directions from Antwerp Town Hall—the farmers could do nothing about it. Children on the doomed farmlands began to kiss the horses good-bye.

Contrariwise, the base was good news indeed for Antwerp, which has had a six-year grouch that port traffic (especially by the Rhine to and from Germany) has been far too slow in reviving. The British supply base will operate in a big way: the food stores alone, which will mostly move on by railway, are expected to need up to three trains a day. Other stores will be of medical supplies, arms and munitions, oil and engineering equipment; all to be cleared through the Port of Antwerp, which sees itself getting a bit of its own back on rebuilt Rotterdam, with its unfettered barge traffic with Germany.

For generations the Dutch have refused to dig a direct canal across Dutch Brabant to Moerdikh, as reiteratedly called for by Antwerp barge interests. True, much of the base's traffic will move on by rail and road, but the relatively low cost of barge transport should appeal in respect of some of it. Anyway, that 's what Antwerp barge men are hoping, while keeping in the background for the present a demand for the Moerdikh Canal as a strategic necessity in the new circumstances.

In this land of waterways there is a new hope as barges struggle through the South Beveland canal, and wait at Wemeldinge till the wind abates: if Benelux couldn't bring about the yearned-for canal, maybe the British return will do so.

The extent of the new supply base may be gauged from the fact that 5,000 Belgians will be employed in it. The whole scheme is being divided into twenty-six camp units which will include lodgement for the families of British personnel.

The sum of £10,000,000 has been mentioned as the cost of construction and equipment. Whatever it is, it will presumably be borne by this country, doubtless as part of the rearmament programme. But the Belgians have already made an outlay of 600,000,000 francs (about £4,500,000) in addition. This has been paid over for the requisitioned land, so the shorn farmers are not exactly without consoling influences.

General Eisenhower said just the right thing to French farmer Marcel Hertault at the recent inauguration of his headquarters at Rocquencourt, between Versailles and Marly-le-Roi, on land that M. Hertault had farmed for twenty years: "We shall try to use this ground as well as you did."

Yet that doesn't alter the fact that the General is still having a difficult time, trying to get land for vital airfields. When it comes to converting fertile farmland into airfields, the French peasant is touched at his most sensitive spot. He reacts implacably against any Government that takes it—and the peasant vote can almost be said to be decisive.

Furthermore, given that a French Government of Dantonesque daring did requisition all the wanted farmlands, who would foot the bill? Where the Belgians provided the money off their own bat for land purchase for the Lierre base, the French are sustaining the standpoint that the twelve N.A.T.O. allies should share the cost of bases in France.

Even as the British are not sure about Hamburg, so, too, have the Americans come to look askance at their Bremerhaven enclave, hitherto their main part of entry into Germany. It is all too near the Russians. So the Americans have already fallen back on safer bases south of Bordeaux and at La Pallice, port of La Rochelle. The supply routes run right across France to Strasbourg, over the Rhine bridge to Kehl, whence up to Frankfurt and down to Munich.

I had a close-up of the Americans at La Rochelle on a terrible August day recently. They have settled down *en famille* in the charming park-cum-boulevard part of the town, and beyond sending up prices here and there, their presence passes smoothly. They certainly didn't appear to evoke a feeling among the Rochellois that this was "the second occupation," as the Communists like to put about.

La Pallice will one day be quite a big port. It is spreading out in the most significant manner. But the American base now there bears no comparison to its companion piece buried deep in the Landes pine forests, some 30 miles south of Bordeaux. Enough said that Le Popeau camp has 28,000 acres reserved to it, stacks up every conceivable thing required by a mid-century army on active service, and is staffed largely by darkies.

Bordeaux is not a Communist centre, but the local French have found it politic to keep even the existence of Le Popeau out of conversation. The Communist paper rants about it, but the French docker, Communist or not, continues to unload the wherewithal to withstand Stalin. It looks as if he has come to the same conclusion as his mate up at Cherbourg. American military aid to France is here unloaded. The French Communist Party roars about it. But Cherbourg's dockers prefer not to sabotage the remunerative employment offered them.

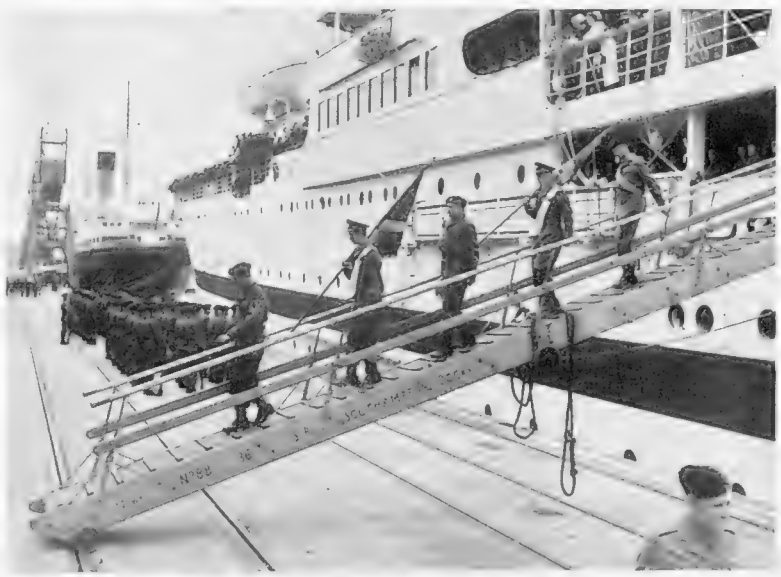
To return to Antwerp, the British base in the surrounding Campagne country should have the effect of drawing off ancillary services and dependant families from Germany, and this is all to the good. As Allied military presence mounts opposite the Russians (twenty-three divisions, 500,000 troops, is the target for December 31), the matter of wives and children, also close-up, opposite the Russians, is exercising high military minds. Should any more be admitted? More, should the existing families be quietly and tactfully sent home?

Bluntly, the conundrum is: what would the troops do if the Russians suddenly attacked—stand all-out against them or succumb to a natural compulsion to save their own women and children? And mightn't the women and children in any case clutter up the works? The Americans have the problem in its most unsettling guise: 45,000 women and children and an extravagant paraphernalia to go with them, scores of replicas of Suburbia U.S.A., replete with flower-shops and night-clubs. French families could slip back into France relatively easily. British families are being constantly further reduced in number.

One view is that the families are a stabilising influence which must on no account be sacrificed.

A contrary view is that the families' presence tends to put all ranks off their work, that a really serious risk will be incurred if they continue to arrive pro rata to the heavy reinforcements, and that they were allowed in the first instance at a time when the occupying forces' job was one of policing the Germans, whereas now it has turned to the very different matter of withstanding the Russians.

DENMARK RECEIVES FIVE THUNDERJETS FROM THE UNITED STATES: General Eisenhower went by special plane recently to Copenhagen, where he attended the ceremony of handing over five U.S. fighters. In this picture are (left to right), Mr. Ole Bjorn Kraft, Danish Foreign Minister; General Eisenhower, Mr. Harald Petersen, Defence Minister, and General Snavely. The transfer of these planes is part of the vigorous measures now being taken to strengthen Scandinavian defences.



THE 1ST BATTALION, THE KING'S OWN YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY RETURNS TO BRITAIN AFTER FOUR YEARS IN MALAYA: The Regimental Colours are carried down the gangway during a ceremony when the men of this Battalion landed recently at Southampton from the troopship *Dunera*. The Battalion as a unit has been abroad for twenty-nine years. As the 2nd Battalion it was sent to India in 1922. The troops will be given two months' training here and then sent to Germany.

THE GREAT CROWD OF 75,000 WHICH GATHERED IN KLATHMONOS SQUARE, ATHENS, TO HEAR AN ELECTION ADDRESS BY FIELD-MARSHAL ALEXANDER PAPAGOS, THE FORMER COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GREEK FORCES, WHO LED HIS OWN PARTY INTO LAST SUNDAY'S GENERAL ELECTIONS IN GREECE: Papagos, who resigned as C.-in-C. in May avowedly on grounds of health but probably because of differences with the Greek Court, told his vast audience that he had turned to politics because politicians had brought to the Greek people the dilemma of either voting for the old corrupt parties or for Communism. He said the mission of his new Party, the Greek Rally, was to become a third force which would guarantee a real change in the country's Government. Cheers punctuated the Field-Marshal's speech, and there were cries of "Papagos, save Greece!" from enthusiastic supporters. The Greek Rally has refused to coalesce with any other parties, and in that respect has been likened to the Gaullist movement in France. The Field-Marshal is one of the few Greeks of recent times who has shown selfless devotion to his country, and Greeks do not forget how he sent Mussolini's legions running for their lives in 1940. He spent years in a concentration camp rather than serve under the Germans during the occupation, and as head of the Greek Army fighting in the mountains he successfully rid the countryside of the Communist bandits. The vital question that many Greeks were asking themselves last week, however, was, would a great soldier make a great statesman?

FIELD-MARSHAL ALEXANDER PAPAGOS: The Greek soldier who leads the Greek Rally seen delivering an election address in Athens. There were over 1,700 candidates in last Sunday's elections.

ATHENS RALLIES TO PAPAGOS

BERLIN REMEMBERS EBERT

THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE WEST BERLIN RATHAUS WHERE PROFESSOR HEUSS, THE WEST GERMAN PRESIDENT, UNVEILED A BUST OF FRIEDRICH EBERT, THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE WEIMAR REPUBLIC: There was a great gathering of Socialists for the occasion to honour the man who took over when the Kaiser went into exile and who helped Germany survive the troublous days after the First World War. *On right*—President Heuss (his arm in a sling) with Frau Heuss (left of group) and Luise Ebert, widow of the former President. Behind them stands Karl Ebert, one of Friedrich Ebert's sons. The other son, Fritz, has identified himself with Communism and has been Burgomaster of the Russian Sector of Berlin since a separate Magistrat was established there in 1948. The late Friedrich Ebert, who died in 1925, became leader of the German Socialist Party in 1916 and on November 9, 1918, he succeeded Prince Max of Baden as Chancellor. He then became provisional President, and in 1919 was elected first President of the Republic.

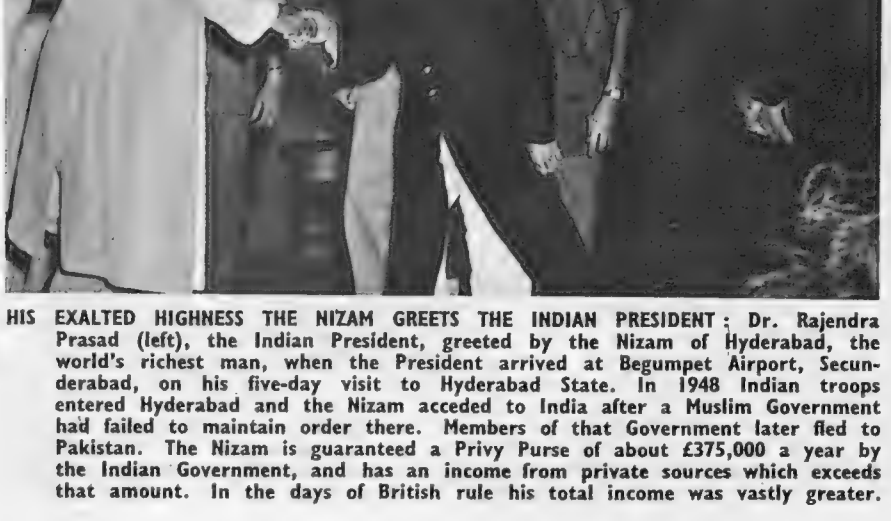
RANGING THE WORLD FROM BUENOS AIRES TO COPENHAGEN

A SURVEY OF THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

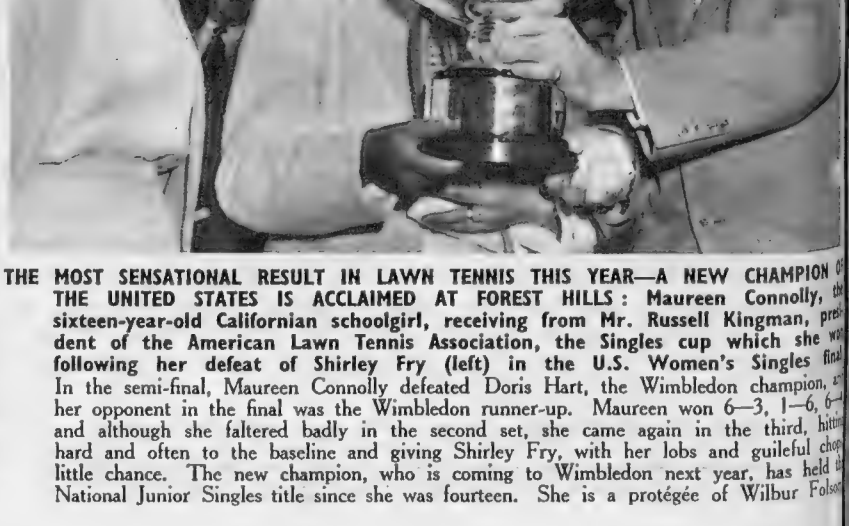
THE ARMY INTERVENES AND OVERRIDES THE GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED TRADE UNIONS IN REGARD TO ARGENTINA'S VICE-PRESIDENTIAL ISSUE: President Peron and his wife, Evita Peron, receiving a Parliamentary and trade union delegation at Buenos Aires, when they were asked to stand for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency in the forthcoming Argentinian elections. Strangely enough, they made no direct reply, beyond a reference to bowing to the will of the people. It emerged a few days later that the Army, so often the deciding factor in Argentinian affairs, had intervened in the matter, and had refused to support the candidature of Evita Peron on the grounds that, in the event of her husband's illness, she would command the armed forces of the Republic. Senora Peron later came to the wireless, and in a voice shaken with emotion, broadcast a message to the nation announcing that of her own free will she had taken the irrevocable decision of renouncing the high honour of being a candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON CONTINUES HIS GOODWILL TOUR OF THE WORLD: Dressed in his robes of office, Sir Denys Lowson opens the new Legislative Buildings at Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, on the Pacific coast of Canada. With him is Mr. E. C. Carson, the Minister of Works. Sir Denys has already visited Australia and New Zealand on his round-the-world goodwill tour. At a civic dinner in Auckland he met Governor Thomas Dewey, of New York, who was touring countries bordering the Pacific in order to gather first-hand information for use during the next Presidential election in America.

THE TRAGEDY OF PONT SAINT ESPRIT—A TOWNSHIP OF THE RHÔNE VALLEY SUCCUMBS TO THE MALADY KNOWN AS "ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE" AFTER EATING BREAD INFECTED BY ERGOT: *Left*—Maurice Maillet, the miller from St. Martin La Riviere, a small town near Poitiers, arriving under police escort at Nimes prior to questioning by the police regarding the sale of blighted flour to a baker at Pont St. Esprit, hundreds of miles from his own home town. *Right*—A view of the town of Pont St. Esprit, where dozens of people were affected by the dread sickness of ergotism. Many of them had hallucinations, and in their agony of mind and body some committed suicide. Others were forcibly restrained just in time. It was many days before the police tracked down the cause of the trouble. From time to time, between the tenth and seventeenth centuries, European populations were racked by outbreaks of the malady, variously known as the "Fervent Fire," "Hell's Fire," or "St. Anthony's Fire." Its symptoms included increased blood-pressure, muscle spasms, itching, and burning sensation, and violent hallucinations. The last recorded epidemic occurred in France in 1816. It has only been established in modern times that the malady was caused by ergot, a black fungus that sometimes grows in the kernels of grain in damp or cold weather. France may now enact rigid pure-flour legislation.



HIS EXALTED HIGHNESS THE NIZAM GREETS THE INDIAN PRESIDENT: Dr. Rajendra Prasad (left), the Indian President, greeted by the Nizam of Hyderabad, the world's richest man, when the President arrived at Begumpet Airport, Secunderabad, on his five-day visit to Hyderabad State. In 1948 Indian troops entered Hyderabad and the Nizam acceded to India after a Muslim Government had failed to maintain order there. Members of that Government later fled to Pakistan. The Nizam is guaranteed a Privy Purse of about £375,000 a year by the Indian Government, and has an income from private sources which exceeds that amount. In the days of British rule his total income was vastly greater.



THE MOST SENSATIONAL RESULT IN LAWN TENNIS THIS YEAR—A NEW CHAMPION OF THE UNITED STATES IS ACCLAIMED AT FOREST HILLS: Maureen Connolly, the sixteen-year-old Californian schoolgirl, receiving from Mr. Russell Kingman, president of the American Lawn Tennis Association, the Singles cup which she won following her defeat of Shirley Fry (left) in the U.S. Women's Singles final. In the semi-final, Maureen Connolly defeated Doris Hart, the Wimbledon champion, and her opponent in the final was the Wimbledon runner-up. Maureen won 6—3, 1—6, 6—4, and although she faltered badly in the second set, she came again in the third, hitting hard and often to the baseline and giving Shirley Fry, with her lobs and guileful chops, little chance. The new champion, who is coming to Wimbledon next year, has held the National Junior Singles title since she was fourteen. She is a protégée of Wilbur Folsom.

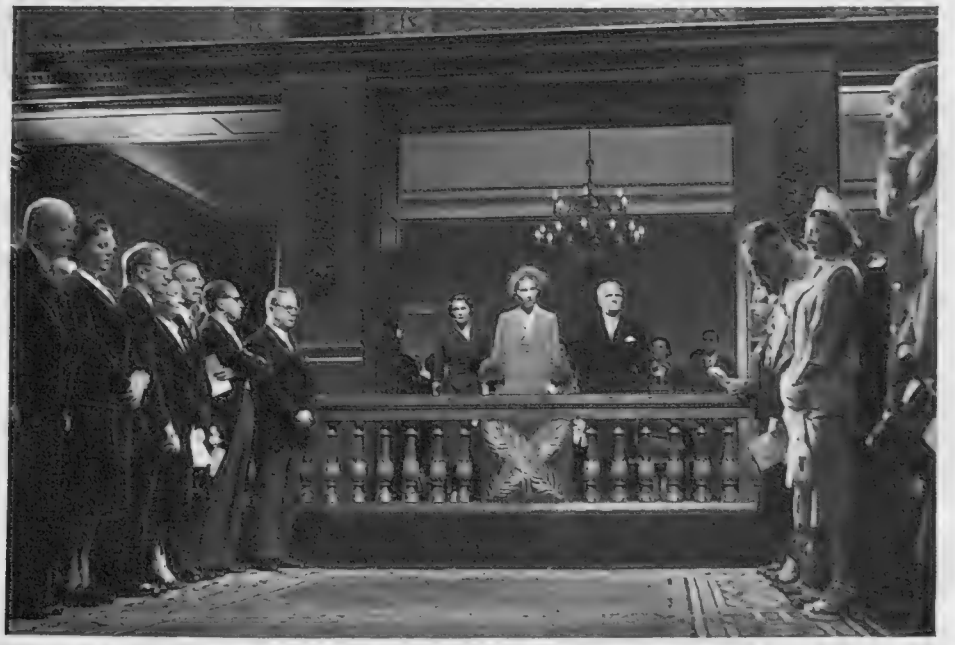
PROCLAIMED THE NEW KING OF JORDAN: The Emir Talal, Crown Prince of Jordan, leaving the Federal Mansion at Berne after receiving the congratulations of President Eduard von Steiger following the news of his elevation. The Crown Prince has been undergoing treatment in Switzerland for a nervous ailment, but he is now pronounced cured by his doctors. His brother, the Regent Emir Naif, went to Geneva to accompany him home to Amman. There has been much comment in the Middle Eastern Press to the effect that Britain wanted Emir Naif to be King instead of Emir Talal.

SHEIKS AT THE PARIS HEARING OF ANOTHER OIL DISPUTE: Sheik Shakbut Bin Sultan Bin Azaid (centre), ruler of the little sheikdom of Abu Dhabi, on the Persian Gulf, is seen at a hearing in Paris last month of a dispute over the rights of oil in submerged land off the coast of his territory. The Sheik wants to sell the oil rights to the Superior Oil Company of California, but Petroleum Development Limited, a subsidiary of the Irak Petroleum Company, claims the rights by a previous contract. On the Sheik's right is his son and in the second row (left to right) are Sheik Zayld, Heshim, an interpreter, and two bodyguards.

PILGRIMAGE BY MOTOR-CYCLE: Last year the Pope adopted the Madonna of Divine Grace as the Protector of Motor-cyclists. A picture of the Madonna is seen here on the top of a car surrounded by hundreds of motor-cyclists in a street, lined with religious images, of the small town of Zabbar, in Malta. The picture had accompanied the motor-cyclists on their pilgrimage from Modena.

COLONEL ABDULLAH EL TEL, SENTENCED TO DEATH IN HIS ABSENCE FOR ALLEGED COMPLICITY IN THE ASSASSINATION OF KING ABDULLAH, HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE IN CAIRO: At the conference Colonel el Tel, who sits facing the camera with paper in hand, declared that the death sentence passed upon him was null and void and that the whole trial was a farce directed by Glubb Pasha, Chief of Staff of the Arab Legion. At the trial Glubb Pasha gave evidence that Colonel Abdullah, one of two accused being tried *in absentia*, had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Legion at the instance of King Abdullah himself, who "liked and felt a special interest" in him. Later he demanded further promotion to the rank of Brigadier on relinquishing the post of Governor of Jerusalem. Glubb Pasha told him that his demand was unreasonable and later he left the country.

THE SHAH DRIVES A LAND-ROVER: At the wheel of this smart, British-built Land-Rover is the Shah of Persia, who was on a tour of inspection during Persian Army manœuvres near Teheran recently. Seated in front on his right is General Garzan, Chief of Staff of the Persian Army.



QUEEN INGRID OF DENMARK OPENS THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON INFANTILE PARALYSIS: The Queen about to address the delegates on arrival at the University of Copenhagen, where the Conference was held. The Conference was attended by 532 scientists and doctors from thirty-eight countries. One of the chief speakers was Dr. Horsfall, of New York, who declared that recent research had given promise that a drug may be found to conquer poliomyelitis.

THE MAN WHO GAVE "THE PARTY OF THE CENTURY": Don Carlos de Bestegui, Latin-American millionaire and Old Etonian, who invited over 1,000 people to his house-warming at the Labia Palace, in Venice, the guests turning up in eighteenth-century costume to enjoy the most lavish hospitality offered in Venice since the days of the Doges. European royalty, leaders in society, leading politicians, and representatives of stage and screen, were among those invited, and Lady Diana Cooper, wife of Sir Duff Cooper, acted as official hostess.

Venezia at Work and Play

DON CARLOS DE BESTEGUI GIVES "THE PARTY OF THE CENTURY" IN VENICE

PALAZZO LABIA, SCENE OF A MILLIONAIRE'S HOUSE-WARMING

TO THE PARTY BY GONDOLA—GUESTS ON THE CANAREGGIO WAITING TO DISEMBARK AT THE NEWLY-RESTORED PALAZZO LABIA FOR "THE PARTY OF THE CENTURY," WHICH BEGAN AT 10.30 P.M. AND CONTINUED TILL DAWN: While the guests inside ate caviare and lobster and drank champagne, Don Carlos de Bestegui provided free wine and salami for the people, and a greasy pole up which they could climb in search of prizes. There was a firework display and other outdoor attractions.

Amid a welter of publicity, some of it sought by the participants, some of it with an unwelcome political slant, some of it accurate, and some of it based upon wild rumour, Don Carlos staged his "party of the century" at the Palazzo Labia, and Venice, for the past month the gayest city in Europe, for a night at least recaptured some of the magnificence of eighteenth-century days. Among the 1,000 or more guests there was the wealth and elegance of two hemispheres. In the gigantic salon, with its frescoes by Tiepolo depicting Cleopatra in the fashion of the eighteenth century, Lady Diana Cooper, acting as hostess for Don Carlos, received the guests, her Cleopatra costume of delicate silver-blue with panniers of old rose being designed by Oliver Messel. The fabulous party lasted from 10.30 p.m. until 6 a.m., and all night long the approaches to the Palazzo were thronged with citizenry who came to share in the fun and to drink the red wine which Don Carlos so liberally offered. Despite the current of criticism, of the charges of extravagance and exhibitionism levelled against Don Carlos, it seems that the people of Venice have cause to be pleased, for one report states that Don Carlos has promised the Mayor that the Labia Palace shall revert to the city of Venice on his death.

THE PALAZZO LABIA, ON THE CANAREGGIO, JUST OFF THE GRAND CANAL, WHERE DON CARLOS RECEIVED HIS 1,000 OR MORE GUESTS: In recent years the handsome palace has been neglected, but its new owner has spent a fortune on reconditioning the building, and his monster party was the occasion of the house-warming. In the hall on the first floor are Tiepolo's Antony and Cleopatra frescoes.

THE MASKED GUESTS ARRIVE FOR THE FABULOUS HOUSE-WARMING: Waiting to meet the host on arrival at the Palazzo Labia; some of the elaborately-gowned guests who came in the costumes of the eighteenth century. There was a guard of flunkeys on the door to prevent the entry of people who were said to have obtained faked tickets, and there was another guard at the servants' entrance.

THE HOST GREETS ONE OF HIS MOST DISTINGUISHED GUESTS: Don Carlos in a magnificent flowing wig talking with the Aga Khan, who came dressed as an Oriental potentate. From 10.30 p.m. onwards gondolas and launches landed a continuous stream of guests at the Palazzo Labia, dressed as courtiers, priests, harlequins, columbines, many of them in the richest of period satins and brocades and nearly all of them masked.

CHU CHIN CHOW FROM CHILE: Senor Arturo Lopez, the Chilean millionaire, arrived in the gorgeous costume of a Chinese mandarin, and a friend came as his servant. *On right*—Mr. David Herbert, an English guest, and Princess Fallanco were resplendent in leopard skins.

COOLING-OFF IN ONE OF THE GORGEOUSLY-FURNISHED BEDROOMS OF THE LABIA PALACE: Mr. I. C. Wilson, Madame Bergere, Countess de Castega, Patricia Lopez, Boris Kochno and Countess Camilla Pecci Blunt, who took advantage of their host's offer to escape from the heat of the main salon. *Inset on left*—Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress, dancing with a fellow guest.

PERSONALITIES AT THE VENICE FILM FESTIVAL

MR. AND MRS. CHURCHILL PLAY THEIR PART IN THE VENICE FILM FESTIVAL, STAGED ONCE AGAIN AGAINST THE USUAL BACKGROUND OF PAGEANTRY AND PARTIES: Flanked by Scotland Yard detectives and with Mrs. Churchill beside him, Britain's wartime Premier arrives for the showing of the British film *No Resting Place*, one of four productions entered by British studios for the major awards of 1951. The presence of Mr. Churchill aroused vast enthusiasm among the audience which, as one critic declared, was more than could be said for some of the British films on show. Perhaps the great exception was *The Lavender Hill Mob*, a brilliant comedy. Mr. David Selznick's Golden Laurel award for the film which is best calculated to promote international understanding has been won by the Italian picture *Journey into Hope*.

A BRITISH SUCCESS AT VENICE: Sir Duff Cooper (right), the British film trade's ambassador to the Venice Film Festival, receiving from the hands of Mr. James C. Dunn, the United States Ambassador in Italy, a silver laurel award for the British film *Trio*, based on three stories by Somerset Maugham. These silver awards, ranking after the Golden Laurel, went to Britain, France, Sweden, Germany and Switzerland.

THE PARIS FASHION DESIGNER JACQUES FATH, A RESPLENDENT FIGURE IN WHITE AND GOLD WITH A HEAD-DRESS OF TOWERING OSTRICH PLUMES, IN A GONDOLA WITH MADAME FATH OUTSIDE THE LABIA PALACE: M. Fath was one of several leading designers who attended the party as guests and who also played their part in designing costumes for their fellow-guests.

THE CANALE SAN DOMENICO AT CHIOGGIA, WHERE THE FISHING CRAFT ARE BERTHED : Chioggia, an island town at the south end of the Venetian Lagoon and the premier fishing port of Italy, reveals a life in astonishing contrast to neighbouring Venice with all its fashionable glitter. Chioggia was founded before Venice, by which it was soon conquered, and during the war with Genoa it was captured by the Genoese, only to be retaken in the following year.

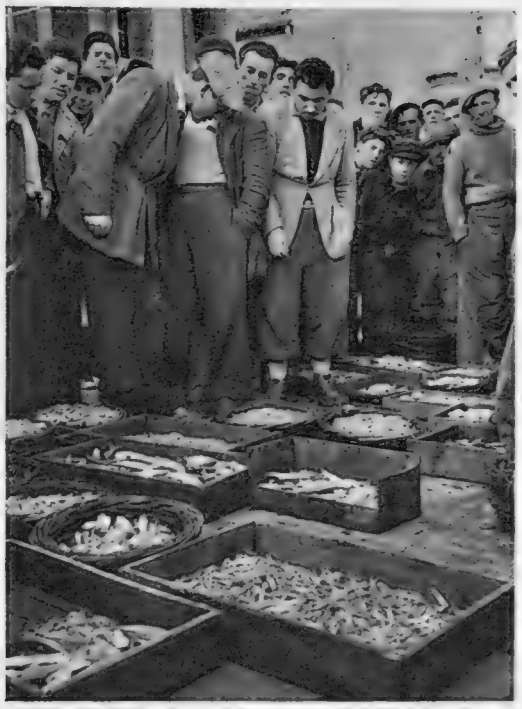
THE FISHING-BOATS AT ANCHOR IN THE CANALE OF SAN DOMENICO, A MASS OF BRIGHTLY-COLOURED SAILS HANGING LISTLESSLY IN THE STILL AIR OF A SUMMER'S DAY : The fishermen of Chioggia go far afield, crossing the Gulf of Venice to the fishing grounds of Istria, and penetrating down the coast to Dalmatia and even the Corfu Roads. The houses of Chioggia are damp and unhealthy, and it is not surprising that the fishermen when in port spend most of the daytime on their boats mending their nets, as seen in the picture *on right*.

Venezia at Work and Play

CHIOGGIA, AND THE BLUE LAGOON

Another Aspect of Venezia, Remote From the High Life of the Lido

HE TENDS THE FISH-PONDS : An ancient fisherman of Chioggia at work among the baskets where eels, after being caught, are kept alive until they are required.



STREET SCENES IN CHIOGGIA : *Left*—Citizens surveying the rather meagre catch after a fishing-boat had returned to port. *Right*—Women at work on embroidery and tapestry-making. It is remarkable how many people spend their whole days out of doors once the chores are done.

Only 15 miles south-south-west of Venice, where leaders of society, in the world of fashion, the theatre, and the cinema have been forgathering of recent weeks, is the little fishing town of Chioggia, and perhaps there can be no greater contrast in the modern world than that afforded by the two places. Venice at the moment epitomises wealth and elegance, and Chioggia is in many respects a place of dire poverty. Venice, the City of the Doges, attracts people from every corner of the world ; Chioggia basks in the sunshine of the lagoon, its people living completely self-contained lives within the confines of their narrow quays and their single main street. To most of them the mainland seems infinitely remote, and to the fishermen the only reality is upon the gleaming waters of the Adriatic, whither they go out in their great sailing boats, often travelling as much as 300 miles to the south-eastward in search of the good fishing grounds off the coasts of Albania. Chioggia has a long and dramatic history, and it is probably the Fossa Clodia mentioned by Pliny. On the formation of the maritime State of Venice it soon rose to the status of second city.

A SUMMER MORNING BESIDE THE QUAY AS THE SUN BURNS DOWN FROM A CLOUDLESS SKY : The highly-coloured sails of the bragozzi have been the delight of artists for centuries. Chioggia has one long street and it is traversed by three parallel canals. Shut up in their island life, like the passengers on a big ocean liner, most of the people of Chioggia know only the sea and their own little town. Very few of them have any extensive dealings with the Venetian mainland.

The GERMAN ROYAL WEDDING

A GRANDSON OF THE LAST GERMAN EMPEROR IS MARRIED IN HANOVER

By right of descent, if a monarchy still existed in Hanover, Prince Ernst Auguste George William Christian Louis Francis Joseph Nicholas (son of Duke Ernst Auguste of Brunswick and Lunebourg, and Duke of Cumberland in the peerage of the United Kingdom) would be heir-apparent to the Throne. For this young man, whose sister is Queen of Greece, who is a grandson of the last German Emperor, and in whose veins runs the blood of Queen Victoria, Hanover, Germany's drabbest city, went gay last week. While Dr. Wilhelm Kopf, the Socialist Premier of Lower Saxony, refused to attend the Prince's wedding and refused to meet the King and Queen of Greece, and while all his Ministers stayed away from the Market Church and the reception at Herrenhausen, the populace of Hanover let themselves go. They thronged the approaches of Schloss Marienburg on the eve of the wedding. They filed past the castle entrance to doff their hats to Prince Ernst Auguste and his bride, Princess Ortrud of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksbourg, and in fact they did everything that loyal subjects are wont to do in a land where monarchy still exists. On the day of the religious ceremony at the Market Church the streets were packed with the rejoicing multitude, which waved and cheered as the procession passed to and from the church. The wedding was followed by a great reception for 4,000 guests. It was held in the Orangerie, the only part of Hanover's former Royal palace which still remains intact. The Royal couple greeted their guests under faded silk flags bearing the Royal arms of England surmounted by the white horses of Hanover. Among the thousands of telegrams was one from King George VI, a reminder that the bridegroom's father is still acknowledged as a Prince of Great Britain and Ireland.

After the reception Prince Ernst Auguste and Princess Ortrud left Hanover for Italy at the start of their honeymoon. The bridegroom is a lawyer, and his main work is in the administration of his father's estates. One of his three brothers is the head of the famous school at Salem, on Lake Constance, and is married to a sister of the Duke of Edinburgh; a second brother is a merchant in South America, and a third is a student at Göttingen. Princess Ortrud is a graphic artist and has worked as a librarian.

ON THE EVE OF THEIR WEDDING IN HANOVER, FOUR DAYS AFTER THE CIVIL CEREMONY, THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM APPEAR AT THE ENTRANCE TO MARIENBURG CASTLE TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE LOYAL GREETINGS OF THE CROWDS: Prince Ernst Auguste of Hanover, brother of Queen Frederika of Greece, grandson of the last German Emperor, and great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria, standing with his bride, Princess Ortrud, as some 1,500 people filed past, most of them from the city of Hanover. On the following day, when 4,000 guests attended the wedding ceremony in the Market Church, Hanover made holiday in a manner which this drab, war-damaged city has not done for years. Pictures of the civil ceremony at Marienburg Castle appear on the opposite page.

APPEARING BEFORE THE LOYAL HANOVERIAN CROWDS ON A FLOODLIT BALCONY ABOVE THE ENTRANCE TO MARIENBURG CASTLE: Prince Ernst Auguste of Hanover and his bride, Princess Ortrud, standing with King Paul and Queen Frederika of the Hellenes and with Duke Ernst Auguste, the bridegroom's father, and Duchess Victoria Luise, the bridegroom's mother.

A BAND WEARING THE UNIFORM OF THE HANOVERIAN HUSSARS PLAYS IN THE COURTYARD OF MARIENBURG CASTLE: While they played the crowds filed past the entrance to greet the bride and bridegroom.

THE KING OF THE HELLENES AT THE WEDDING RECEPTION IN THE ORANGERIE AT HERRENHAUSEN, THE FORMER ROYAL PALACE MODELLED AFTER VERSAILLES: *Left*—King Paul kisses the bride, Princess Ortrud. *Right*—King Paul lighting a cigarette for Fuerstin Hohenlohe at the reception.

WAVING TO THE CROWDS AS THEY ARRIVED AT THE MARKET CHURCH, HANOVER, FOR THE SERVICE: Prince Ernst Auguste and Princess Ortrud in their car as they drove through the cheering throng. The Princess wore the bridal veil of the last Empress of Germany and a diadem from the British Crown Jewels lent by King George.

HANOVERIANS, HOLSTEINS AND HOHENZOLLERNS

A Wedding, a Joint Birthday, and a Change of Name Bring into the News Families That Were Dominant in Europe in the Days of Privilege

THE HANOVER-HOLSTEIN WEDDING AT MARIENBURG CASTLE, LOWER SAXONY: *Left*—This was the scene at the civil ceremony conducted by the village clerk as Prince Ernst Auguste of Hanover, brother of Queen Frederika of Greece and grandson of the late Kaiser Wilhelm II, was married to Princess Ortrud of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksbourg, of the House of Holstein. *Right*—The newlyweds joining in a toast with the village clerk of Schulenburg after the ceremony in the pseudo-medieval Schloss Marienburg. The bride and bridegroom afterwards received the Church's blessing at a ceremony in Hanover's Market Church.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE AT THE MARIENBURG WEDDING: Queen Frederika is between Princess Hertha, the bride's mother, and Duke Ernst Auguste, the bridegroom's father. In the centre are the bride and bridegroom, and on the right are King Paul, the Duchess Victoria Luise (the bridegroom's mother), and Princess Sophia of Greece.

THE SETTING FOR A HOHENZOLLERN CELEBRATION: The entrance to the castle at Sigmaringen, a small, south-German town, where two Hohenzollern Princes have celebrated their sixtieth birthdays. The castle, built on a rock rising abruptly from the River Danube, replaced the former residence of a branch of the Hohenzollern family.

THE HEAD OF THE HOHENZOLLERN FAMILY GREETS THE TWIN PRINCES ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR SIXTIETH BIRTHDAYS: Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, son of the former Crown Prince Wilhelm who died in July, congratulating Prince Friedrich (left) and Prince Franz Josef (right) at the birthday celebrations at Sigmaringen. The twin Princes, distant relatives of the last German Kaiser, were born on August 31, 1891. About 200 guests attended the party.

A FORMER GERMAN PRINCE, NOW A NATURALISED BRITISH SUBJECT, ABANDONS HIS PRESENT NAME AND RE-ASSUMES HIS PRUSSIAN TITLE: Mr. George Mansfield, seen with his wife, family and niece, at his farm at Little Hadham, Hertfordshire, after the announcement in the *London Gazette* which stated that he had reverted to the use of his rightful title, Prince Friedrich George Wilhelm Christoph Von Preussen. Shortly after the announcement it was stated that the Home Office was looking into the case, as the use of a German title was unconstitutional. Mr. Mansfield was naturalised as a British subject in 1947 and as such is not permitted to assume a foreign title. In 1930 King George V gave instructions that no further licences should be granted for British subjects to assume foreign titles. The Prince is the youngest son of the ex-Crown Prince of Germany, who died in July, and a grandson of the last Kaiser. His wife is the daughter of Lord Iveagh. The name Mansfield (the name of a Hohenzollern estate in Bavaria) was assumed by the Prince during the war (after his release from internment), when he took up farming.

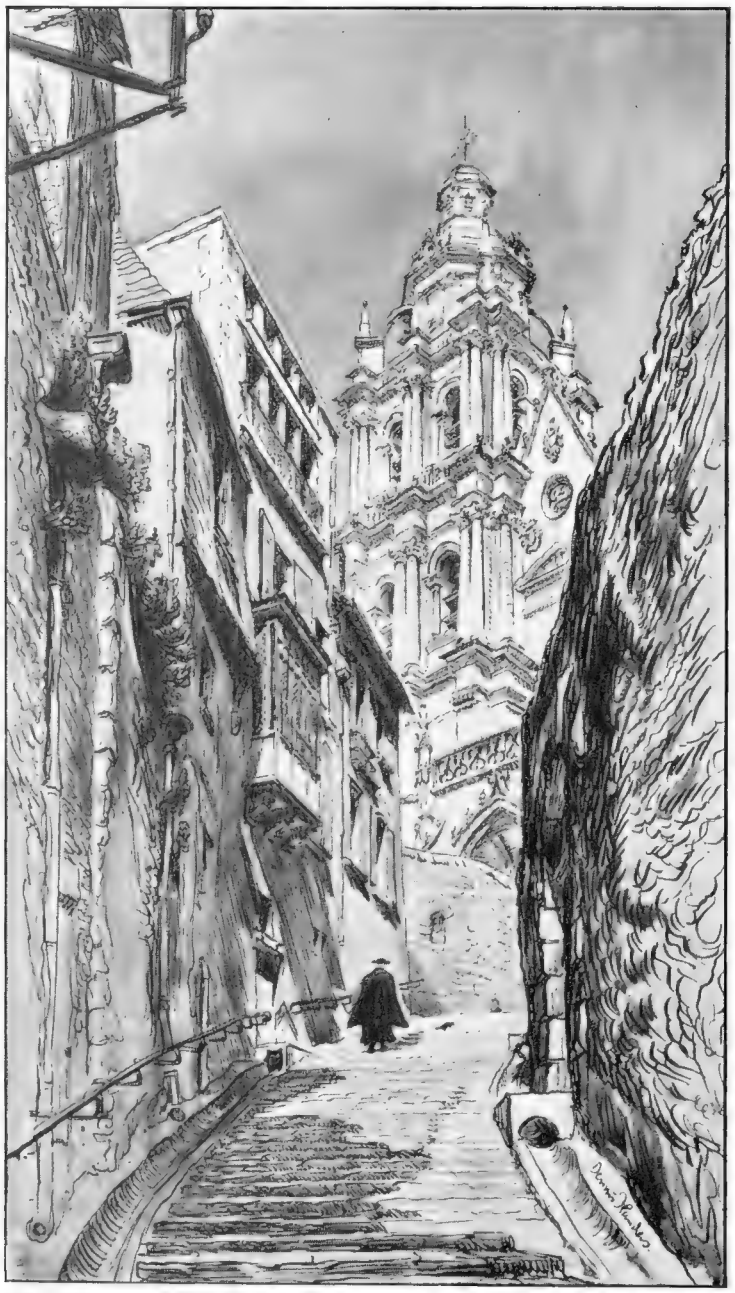
AN ARTIST IN

TOURAINE and POITOU

The Work of Dennis Flanders During a Tour of Western France to be Shown at a London Exhibition

In THE SPHERE, the *Sunday Times*, and other journals, the work of Dennis Flanders has appeared frequently since the war years, and this artist has swiftly gained recognition as one of the leading exponents of line drawing. His series of drawings in half-tone and colour of scenes in the bombed cities of Britain attracted much attention, and many of them were bought by the Government for official war collections. During the past three years Mr. Flanders' range of subject has extended, and his latest exhibition at the galleries of J. A. Tooth Ltd., in Cork Street, is in part the product of a recent tour in Touraine and Poitou. Last Easter Mr. Flanders went to Western France for six weeks, making his headquarters at Amboise, on the Loire, and Loches, on the Indre. By bicycle, train and bus he toured the chateau country, visiting Blois, Chenanceaux, Langeais, and many other famed spots along the great river and its tributaries. Staying in small, inexpensive inns and picnicking in the forests, the artist certainly got close to the heart of provincial France, but over and above all he recorded his impressions of the great architectural heritage of the Loire. His medium in most cases was pencil and water-colour and ink and water-colour, and one or two of his works are simply water-colours. Mr. Flanders' drawing of the Chateau at Blois, showing the vast sweep of its walls above the town, is most striking, as also is the approach to Amboise. We can only hope that this journey was but a prelude to further journeyings by the Loire, to the historic lands of Touraine and Poitou, where French and English history have been so dramatically intermingled.

THE GREAT RENAISSANCE CHATEAU OF THE ORLEANS FAMILY RISING ABOVE THE ROOF-TOPS OF BLOIS : This is one of the most striking pictures in pen-and-ink and water-colour done by Dennis Flanders during his recent visit to the chateaux country of the Loire. About thirty drawings from this part of Western France are to be included in the exhibition of Mr. Flanders' work, which is to be opened on September 20 at the galleries of J. A. Tooth Ltd., at 16, Cork Street, London, W.1. M. Jean Auba, of the French Embassy, will open the exhibition. The chateau at Blois was from time to time the residence of the Court, and within its walls Louis XII was born and Henry, Duke of Guise, assassinated.



THE APPROACH TO THE CATHEDRAL AT BLOIS : The long flight of steps is typical of this town. The principal street is a hollow between two hills, and many of the narrow streets degenerate picturesquely into steps.

THE ROMANESQUE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME LA GRANDE, ONE OF THE ELEVENTH-CENTURY MONUMENTS O steep, tortuous streets and ancient houses. It has a wealth of ecclesiastical buildings, for in addition to No of which one is the eleventh-century St. Radegonde's, the Merovingian baptistery of St. Jean, an

AMBOISE—THE WAY TO THE CHATEAU, WITH THE MAGNIFICENT CHAPEL OF ST. HUBERT UPON THE RAMPARTS: Amboise, with its lofty walls and ramparts defended by three massive round towers, belonged to the Crown from 1434 until 1762, and then passed into the hands of the Orleans family. Its name is especially associated with the conspiracy formed in 1560 by La Renaudie and the Huguenots to remove the young King Francis II from the influence of the Guises. The plot was revealed, and 1,200 of the conspirators are said to have been butchered at the castle in the presence of the Court, which included Francis and his bride, Mary Queen of Scots, as well as Catherine de Medici and her two sons, afterwards Charles IX and Henry III.

OF POITIERS, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF POITOU: Poitiers, like Blois, is famed for its Notre Dame la Grande, with its curious beehive towers, there are the Romanesque parish churches, and the church of Montierneuf, begun in 1077 by William VI, Duke of Aquitaine.

THE TOWN HALL AT LOCHES: This Renaissance building is one of the architectural glories of the town situated on the hills on the left bank of the Indre. Loches came in 886 into the possession of the House of Anjou, of which Geoffrey Plantagenet, father of Henry I, was a descendant.

POWER FROM THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS

The Progress of the Great Scheme to Produce Electricity and Water for Australia

AUSTRALIA is the world's driest continent, and water is the key to the country's prosperity. Each State Government has plans for conserving and expanding its water resources, and the Australian Federal Government has set up a T.V.A.-influenced Authority to harness and control the waters of the Snowy Mountains rivers, the no-man's-land between Victoria and New South Wales.

It is less than two years since the Snowy Mountains scheme for the production of hydro-electric power and for irrigation was begun. About a quarter of a century will elapse and something like £220,000,000 will be spent before it is completed. The scheme, when brought to completion, will be capable of producing slightly more power than the T.V.A. in America, but the Australian plans call for the construction of deep tunnels and corresponding engineering difficulties not met with in the Tennessee Valley.

There will be nearly 86 miles of tunnels altogether, the longest, 17½ miles, connecting the Jindabyne Dam with the Geehi River. A start is soon to be made on the construction of some of them.

In the 700-square-mile catchment area for the Upper Snowy works and the Jindabyne dam storage, 30 miles of good roads have been made and many more are under construction. Effective work in the area began about October 1949, and since then many camps have been established and regional townships are beginning to take shape. In them, engineers drawn from many countries—pioneers in every sense—will live and work while their efforts transform the economy and appearance of that part of Australia.

The scheme will eventually produce power which would otherwise require about 4,000,000 tons of coal a year, an amount of vast importance to Australian industry. One of the reservoirs alone will equal, for power production, a stock-pile of nearly 2,000,000 tons of coal. Australia needs that power urgently, for on a kilowatt basis the consumption of electric power there is not much more than 25 per cent. of that in Canada.

In the cost of producing electricity the scheme will save the country £9,000,000 a year; that is, electric power can be sold to the community at £9,000,000 a year less than if it had been produced from coal. It is planned that the scheme will produce large blocks of power progressively as it advances and it is hoped that by 1960 there will exist the capacity of producing 500,000 kilowatts.

Exceedingly important, too, is the irrigation the scheme will make possible. It will provide 2,250,000 acre-feet of water a year for New South Wales and Victoria—more than four times the quantity in Sydney Harbour, one of the world's greatest ports. The importance of this to the country as a whole will be appreciated when it is realised that the country's future security depends upon a rapid increase of population which necessitates greater food production, and that this depends, in turn, upon vastly improved irrigation.

It has been estimated that if food production in Australia were to remain at 1939 levels, the country would have to import certain foodstuffs by the time the population had increased to 10,000,000, which is likely before 1960. Many of these scarce foodstuffs would be of a type produced in irrigation areas. Broadly, Australia's food production is above 1939 levels, but not in proportion to population increase. Hence the Snowy Mountains scheme's two primary objectives: to get power quickly and to divert water for irrigation as soon as possible.

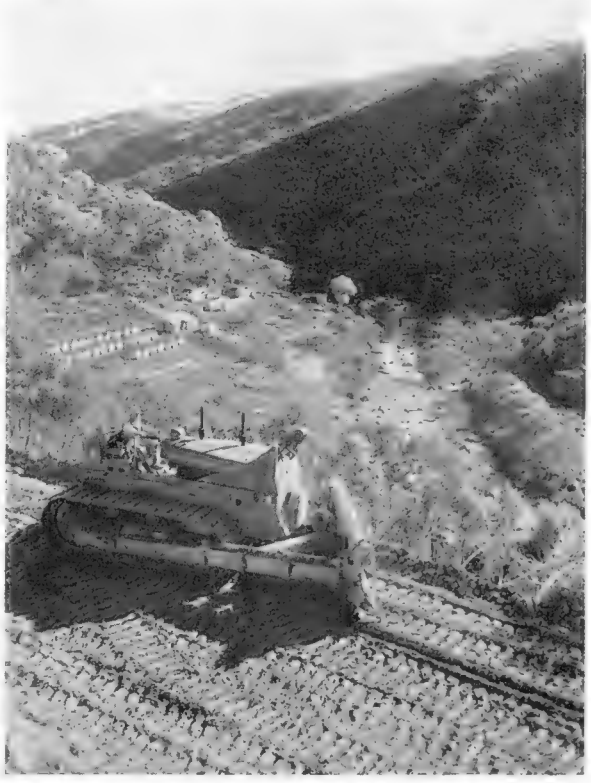
About 75 per cent. of the labour force involved on the Snowy Mountains project will eventually come from overseas. In July 150 technicians came from New Zealand, Great Britain, Scandinavia and other European countries. From Western Germany 600 building tradesmen were recently flown to Australia to prepare accommodation for more who are waiting. Contracts let to overseas firms will specify that high proportions of technical staff—probably as much as 90 per cent.—as well as other labour and materials in short supply be imported.

The main base for operations at present in hand is at Cooma, 2,750 ft. above sea-level, where a virtually new township is being created on the fringe of the old. This sleepy country centre, with a normal population of 2,250, has been startled by the coming of some 2,000 men employed on the project. About 500 homes for the men have already been erected there and recently an Italian contractor began work on a further 200. The roomy, attractive cottages are constructed of fibrolite and timber and are rented to the men at 30s. a week.

Even for the unskilled worker on the great project, work is very profitable. In these remote mountain areas there is little to spend money on, and the workmen will average £19 a week. For that they will work perhaps fifty-four hours—nine hours a day for six days.

These men, coming from many lands and speaking the tongues of many nations, work under the direction of some of the world's finest engineers to transform Australia's harsh aridity into the fruitful garden it will one day become.

THE EUCUMBENE RIVER IN AUSTRALIA, ONE OF SEVERAL WHOSE WATERS WILL BE HARNESSED IN THE GREAT SNOWY MOUNTAINS HYDRO-ELECTRIC AND IRRIGATION SCHEME: Seven major dams, sixteen power stations, many of them hundreds of feet below ground, and 86 miles of tunnels up to 34 ft. in diameter, are to be constructed in this scheme, which will provide electricity for the country's rapidly-increasing population and irrigation for vast tracts of arid land. The project will eventually produce slightly more power than the Tennessee Valley Authority in the United States, and the whole work is estimated to cost £220,000,000.



ON THE ROOF OF THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINENT: In these lovely but lonely surroundings, armies of men and machines are at work on the Snowy Mountains project. *On left*—a bulldozer operating above a camp built especially for the workmen. Conditions are hard for the forty men who live in this little village, but even the unskilled labourer can earn up to £76 a month. Labour, skilled and unskilled, is being imported from many countries for work on the scheme

A LITTLE MOUNTAIN TOWNSHIP WHICH WILL BE PARTLY SUBMERGED BY WATER OF THE ADAMINABY DAM, PART OF THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS PROJECT: The Adaminaby Dam is one of seven major dams which will be built as part of the scheme to provide power and water for this part of Australia. The wall of the dam will be 200 ft. high, 1,000 ft. long at the crest and 1,000 ft. thick at the base. It will take four years to fill.

CHALLENGING THE AIR

A British Plane Breaks Altitude Records; A New Rocket Motor and a Supermarine 508; American Jet Fighters in Britain

A UNITED STATES ESCORT AIRCRAFT-CARRIER BRINGS JET FIGHTERS FOR SERVICE IN BRITAIN AND WESTERN EUROPE: The 6,730-ton U.S.S. *Corregidor* makes fast at Glasgow's King George V Dock following her arrival in European waters with thirty-one jet fighters for service with the American Air Force in this country and Western Europe. The jet fighters, still enclosed in their protective "cocoon" coverings were stowed on the carrier's flight-deck and in the lower decks.

LOOKING ACROSS THE FLIGHT-DECK OF THE "CORREGIDOR" TOWARDS A GLASGOW SHIPBUILDING YARD: This view shows some of the thirty-one jet fighters, still in their "cocoon" coverings, secured to the flight-deck of the escort carrier.

A BRITISH JET BREAKS FOUR WORLD RECORDS FOR SPEED OF CLIMB—A METEOR AIRCRAFT, POWERED BY ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY SAPPHIRE JET ENGINES, REACHES 39,370 FT. IN 3 MINS. 7 SECS.: The aircraft was flown from a standing start at Moreton Valence Airfield, Gloucestershire, by Flight-Lieut. R. B. Prickett.

Four world records for speed of climb were broken simultaneously, at the end of August, by Flight-Lieut. R. B. Prickett, in a Hawker Siddeley Sapphire Meteor plane. From a standing start, Flight-Lieut. Prickett reached 3,000 metres (9,842 ft.) in 1 min. 16 secs.; 6,000 metres (19,685 ft.) in 1 min. 50 secs.; 9,000 metres (29, 527 ft.) in 2 mins. 25 secs.; and finally, 12,000 metres (39,370 ft.) in 3 mins. 7 secs. The last height is nearly seven-and-a-half miles. Records of this kind, which have been named "time-to-altitude records," were devised in July of this year by the Federation Aeronautique Internationale, the governing body for world air records. Flight-Lieut. Prickett, in his attempt at the record, flew first at a height of only a few hundred feet, accelerating rapidly for about three miles until he had reached the ideal climbing speed. He then lifted his aircraft to an angle of 40 degs. and kept it there until he levelled off at 43,000 ft. He flew over water most of the time so that the heights shown on his experimental radar altimeter were heights above sea-level.

THE SECOND NEW SUPERMARINE AIRCRAFT TO TAKE THE AIR WITHIN A MONTH—THE MAIDEN FLIGHT OF THE NAVAL TWIN-JET ENGINE, SUPERMARINE 508: The Vickers-Armstrong Supermarine 508, with two Rolls-Royce Avon engines, is the most powerful naval fighter in the world and the first example of the new post-war conception of naval fighter aircraft. It is designed for carrier-borne operations. Although details of its performance and equipment are still secret, it is known that the landing speed has been kept within the requirements for carrier operations by the use of special high-lift devices situated on its thin wings. The aircraft, which made its maiden flight at the R.A.F. Station, Boscombe Down, Wiltshire, at the end of August, is now on show at the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' display at Farnborough.

THE NEW "SNARLER" ROCKET MOTOR COMES OFF THE SECRETS LIST: Diamond-shaped shock waves can be clearly seen in this picture of the motor "running in." This new and revolutionary engine has been developed in secret by Armstrong-Siddeley Motors, makers of the Sapphire, one of the most powerful turbo-jet engines in the world. The Snarler, unlike rocket units for assisting take-offs, can be switched off and on by the pilot to increase the rate of climb or to increase speed during combat or pursuit. It is quite small, fitting into a space measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft., and has a maximum thrust of 2,000 lb. at sea-level. The fuel consists of liquid oxygen and a water-methanol mixture. The rocket motor has been flown extensively, installed in a Hawker P 1072, and has passed a special category flight maintenance test. It will be shown for the first time at the annual air show which takes place at Farnborough next month.

PERSONALITIES

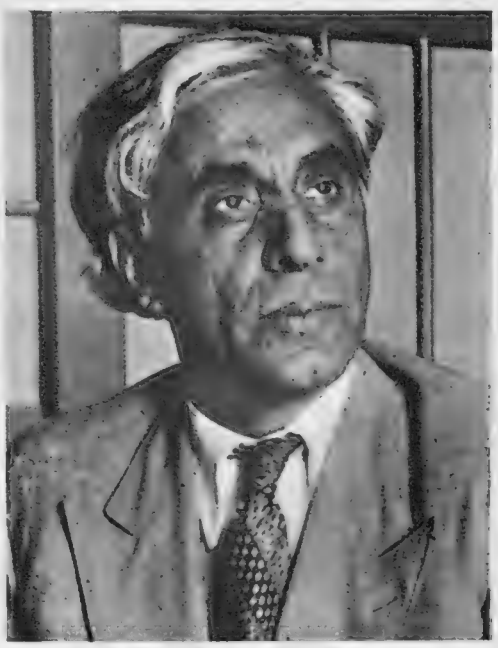
SOME PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN IN THE HEADLINED NEWS AT HOME AND ABROAD

1. THE AVOIRDUPOIS OF DOCUMENTATION: The Hon. Margaret Lambert, editor-in-chief of 400 tons of documents.

2. FRANCE MILITANT: Generals Guillaume and Juin, new holders of key posts.

3. THE JOVIAL PRESIDENTS: President Truman and President Quirino of the Philippines after their pact-signing.

4. HUNGER-STRIKING FOR THE NATIONAL HONOUR: Soad Mansi, who, with six other Egyptians, seeks the denunciation of the 1936 Treaty.



5. ANTI-MOUSSADEK: Seyyid Zia ed Din Taba Tabai, alleged to be behind the Persian opposition drive.

6. THE SELF-EXILED EDITOR: Dr. Gainza Paz has arrived in the United States on a six-weeks tour.

7. HE IS JAPAN'S FIRST POST-WAR ENVOY IN LONDON: Mr. Koichiro Asakai, who has been given the status of a Consul-General.

8. KING AND QUEEN OF THE COCOS: newly-wedded Mr. and Mrs. Clunies-Ross.

1. A Weighty Task.—The Hon. Margaret Lambert, daughter of Viscount Lambert, one-time chairman of the Liberal Parliamentary Party, has been appointed British editor-in-chief of the 400 tons of captured German Foreign Office documents. Miss Lambert, who is a Doctor of Philosophy at London University and a B.A. of Oxford, succeeds General Sir James Marshall Cornwall. Associated with her in the work will be a French editor-in-chief and an American editor-in-chief.

2. The French Army in the Ascendant.—General Juin, former French Resident-General in Morocco, is succeeded in his North African post by General Guillaume, former Chief of the French Forces in Germany. General Juin himself becomes Inspector-General of the Armed Forces, an appointment of immense significance at this moment when the French Army is emerging from its post-war convalescence. The French Army has been described by Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks as "the linch-pin of the main central sector of General Eisenhower's European Command." General Horrocks, who recently attended the French training exercises at Chalons-sur-Marne, has paid tribute to the new spirit of the French Army, and declares that the appointment of General Juin to his new post brings to the head of affairs a man in whom the Army has the completest confidence.

3. The Growing Framework of Pacific Security.—With Presidents Truman and Elpidio Quirino solemnly pledging that America and the Philippines would always be friends, and thus clinching the new mutual defence treaty signed in Washington by Secretary of State Dean Acheson and Brig.-General Carlos P. Romulo, the Philippine Secretary of State, another step forward was made in the field of collective security in the Pacific. On the following day the Governments of Australia and New Zealand signed mutual defence pacts with the United States on the same far-sighted lines. Between these four nations there is now a broad basis of trust and mutual goodwill, the outcome of close similarity of aims in Pacific waters. It is hoped that these accords can serve as the beginning of a general agreement in the Pacific,

4. An Anti-British Fast.—Twenty-five-year-old Soad Mansi is one of six Egyptians who have started a hunger-strike "until Egypt denounces her 1936 Treaty with Britain." The hunger-strikers have set up their headquarters at the offices of the Kotla Party, an opposition party founded by the former Cabinet Minister Makram Ebeid Pasha, after he seceded from the Wafd Party in 1942. Britain's Treaty with Egypt is legally valid until 1956.

5. A Rival to Dr. Moussadek.—Seyyid Zia ed Din Taba Tabai, former Prime Minister of Persia, who is known in his country as "Russia's Enemy No. 1," is reported to be behind a Persian Opposition move to unseat the Moussadek Government and seek a genuine settlement of the oil question. It is thought that Taba Tabai is attempting to obtain sixty to seventy signatures to a "no confidence" resolution from the 130 Deputies who compose the Majlis, the Persian Lower House. He would then either force Dr. Moussadek to seek a vote of confidence or, if the Prime Minister continued to plead illness, petition the Shah for his dismissal from office.

6. Feting Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz.—The former publisher of the Buenos Aires newspaper, *La Prensa*, whose paper was expropriated by the Argentine Government last March, arrived in the United States recently at the start of a six-weeks tour. On October 1 he will receive an honorary degree as Doctor of Journalism at North-Western University, Evanston, Illinois, and on October 7 he will be guest of honour at the anniversary dinner of Freedom House at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York. Dr. Gainza Paz believes that he may recover possession of *La Prensa*, and his attorneys are at present engaged in challenging the constitutionality of the Argentine laws covering seizure of property. "I have faith in the Argentine people and in the Argentine public opinion," he declared. "I m sure that in the long run it will prevail. Public opinion over the seizure has increased in recent months. Freedom always wins the last battle."

7. Japan's New Representative in London.—Mr. Koichiro Asakai, aged forty-five, is the first Japanese official representative to Britain since the war. Until the ratification of the Japanese Peace Treaty no Japanese Embassy can be established in London; Mr. Asakai's office will be styled the Japanese Government Overseas Agency and will concern itself mostly with trade and a little with Consular work. Mr. Asakai is no stranger to Britain. He was here for the four years, 1929-33, and he studied at Edinburgh University. Later he was attached to the former Japanese Embassy in London.

8. To Share a Lonely Throne.—At All Saints' Church, Fulham, West London, John Clunies-Ross, a young Scot who rules the Cocos Islands under a 999-year charter granted by Queen Victoria, was married to Daphne Parkinson, of Lancashire, a young student of occupational therapy, whom he met at an Oxford tea-party. Mr. Clunies-Ross recently joined his fiancée in England after sending a radio signal to the Ceylon-bound S.S. *Ormonde*, which changed course in the Indian Ocean and picked Mr. Ross up at his island domain. Now the King and his Queen will set out for the Cocos Islands together. There the bride will find a ten-bedroom palace, a golf-links, a fast yacht, a cellar of Scotch whisky, and a 5,000-volume library. The nineteen resident whites are all men. Mr. Ross's great-great-grandfather, a Scot from the Shetland Isles, settled in the Cocos Islands in 1827. The twenty-seven coral islets lie midway between Ceylon and Australia. The main industry is copra-gathering.

DRAMAS OF THE SEA

ENACTED IN SYDNEY HARBOUR AND OFF THE COAST OF LONG ISLAND

Ten firemen had to be dragged from the smoke-filled hold of the motor-ship *Bulolo* while they were fighting a fierce fire which broke out during the unloading of the ship's £14,000 copra cargo at a Walsh Bay, Sydney, wharf. For several hours fire brigades poured water into the blazing ship until a list of 22 deg. to port developed. In order to stabilise the ship, water was pumped into the empty oil tanks, but the vessel then rolled over to a list of 24 deg. to starboard. When it was seen that more water would capsize her, harbour and shipping officials ordered tugs to tow her out to the shallow water of Kerosene Bay. There she remained for several more hours until the firemen extinguished the main fire and then quickly put out a second flare-up. For several hours it was feared that the ship would become a total loss. The *Bulolo*, valued at more than £1,000,000, and owned by Burns, Philip and Co., of Sydney, was built in 1938. She played an important part as a headquarters ship during the Normandy landings.

THE 6,397-TON TWIN-SCREW MOTOR VESSEL "BULOLO" IS DAMAGED BY FIRE IN SYDNEY HARBOUR: The fire broke out in one of the ship's deepest holds during the unloading of copra at a Walsh Bay wharf. Because of the danger of capsizing or of the fire spreading to other ships, the *Bulolo* was towed out into the shallow waters of Kerosene Bay, where the fire was extinguished.

THE S.S. "BULOLO" BEACHED IN KEROSENE BAY ON THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE: Following on the main outbreak a sudden flare-up several hours later was quickly put out. Firemen and crew also fought another smaller blaze in No. 2 hold.

THIRTY-EIGHT LIVES WERE LOST WHEN A FISHING-BOAT, CARRYING HOLIDAY-MAKERS, CAPSIZED OFF LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK: *Above*—The ill-fated fishing vessel, *Pelican*, after being towed from the scene of disaster. Ten bodies were found in the waterlogged hull. Authorities in New York believed that many of the missing would never be found and that their bodies had been washed out to sea. *On right*—Rescue boats comb the seas for survivors near Montauk Point, where the disaster took place. Coastguards and other rescue workers searched for survivors throughout the night in heavy seas. The *Pelican* had put to sea from a local fishing club early in the day in spite of warnings that expected storms made conditions unsuitable for small boats. Some hours before the accident one of the 45-ft. *Pelican's* two engines failed and while the master, Captain Edward Carroll, who was among those missing, was nursing the ship towards the shore, she was seen to pitch violently and then roll over. Some of the nineteen survivors said that their comrades, many of them overcome with sea-sickness, were trapped in the vessel's cabin and were unable to penetrate the in-rushing water. Reports said that panic was believed to have caused the accident and divers who recovered bodies from inside the cabin reported that the trapped fishermen looked as though "they had been tearing each other to pieces" in their attempts to escape. They were locked together "like a bunch of wrestlers" and had to be prised apart.

DELIVERING AN ATTACK ON THE POLICIES OF THE BEVAN GROUP IN THE LABOUR PARTY: When delegates to the 83rd Annual Trades Union Congress at Blackpool assembled for the opening session they heard Mr. Alfred Roberts, chairman of the T.U.C. General Council, speak in his presidential address on the responsibilities of the Labour movement in the defence programme. This inevitably involved a broadside attack on the Bevanites. Mr. Roberts said that to try to convince our people that rearmament was more than our economy could sustain, was to play into the hands of the Soviet.

MR. HUGH GAITSKELL TAKES STOCK OF BRITAIN'S ECONOMIC POSITION: The Chancellor of the Exchequer addressing the Trades Union Congress. He spoke of the dangers of cutting loose with wage demands, which were no less than the dangers of a wage-freeze. He urged, however, the special need for moderation in wage demands during the next few months to avoid the possibility of setting off a new inflationary process.

WITH THE T.U.C. AT BLACKPOOL

SOME PERSONALITIES AT THE 83RD ANNUAL TRADES UNION CONGRESS WHICH FORGATHERED LAST WEEK

A TRIO OF TRADE UNION STALWARTS: Mr. Jim Figgins, of the National Union of Railwaymen, Sir Luke Fawcett, General Secretary of the Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers, and Mr. F. McDermott, of the Woodworkers' Union, seen talking together during a recess at Blackpool.

STARS OF THE ENTERTAINMENT WORLD ON BUSINESS BENT: Miss Rosamund John, delegate of Equity, and Mr. Vic Oliver, representing the Variety Artists' Federation.

A VETERAN OF THE BRITISH TRADE UNION MOVEMENT: Lord Citrine (right), Chairman of the British Electricity Authority, seen with Mr. Eiler Jensen, of Denmark, the Vice-President of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions.

A BLACKPOOL QUARTETTE: Mr. E. Fletcher, a representative of T.U.C. headquarters, Mr. T. Williamson, General Secretary of the Municipal Workers, Mr. Jack Tanner, General Secretary of the powerful Amalgamated Engineering Union, and Mr. S. V. Hyde Price, who is the President of Blackpool Trades Council.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE LABOUR PARTY ADDRESSES THE T.U.C.: Miss Alice Bacon speaking from the platform. "Unity is essential," she urged, "if social democracy is to flourish as a force in human affairs."

A FRATERNAL DELEGATE FROM THE UNITED STATES: Mr. R. J. Gray, from Washington, D.C., represented the American Federation of Labour at the Congress.

At Blackpool last week the mighty Trades Union Congress rolled into action with powerful speeches from the platform upon the state of the nation and the state of the world in general, but it was one of the small unions which made its presence felt at the outset, when Mr. Sandison, the Secretary of the British Actors' Equity Association, complained about the time available to delegates for speech-making, declaring it had been cut into more and more by the number and length of speeches by fraternal delegates and visitors and by increasing time taken up by General Council spokesmen. Mr. Sandison won a tactical victory on this opening day, but on the following day the T.U.C. steamroller was at work, and by an overwhelming majority the decision to limit talking time was beaten. The keynote speech of the Congress came from Mr. Alfred Roberts, who flailed the Bevanites for playing into Russian hands, as he called it, while the big moment was the visit of Mr. Gaitskell, who told the delegates a few simple economic truths. "If incomes go up more than production goes up, then prices will rise," Mr. Gaitskell told delegates. "The truth is as simple as that. I would like to see it hanging as a text on the wall of every office inhabited by anyone, whether employer or trade unionist, who is at the present time concerned with negotiations about increases of any kind."

AN ITALIAN SAILING-SHIP ARRIVES IN NEW YORK ON A TRAINING CRUISE: The Italian full-rigged training-ship *Amerigo Vespucci* fires a salute of guns to the Commanding Officer at Fort Jay as she enters New York Harbour on a ten-day visit. In the background is the Statue of Liberty. Two hundred of the ship's officers, midshipmen, cadets and sailors attended a ceremony later during their visit, when Cardinal Spellman was presented with a painting of the vessel.

BEFORE THE MAST

AN ITALIAN TRAINING-SHIP IN NEW YORK—
REGATTAS AT DARTMOUTH AND IN MARSAMUXETT, MALTA

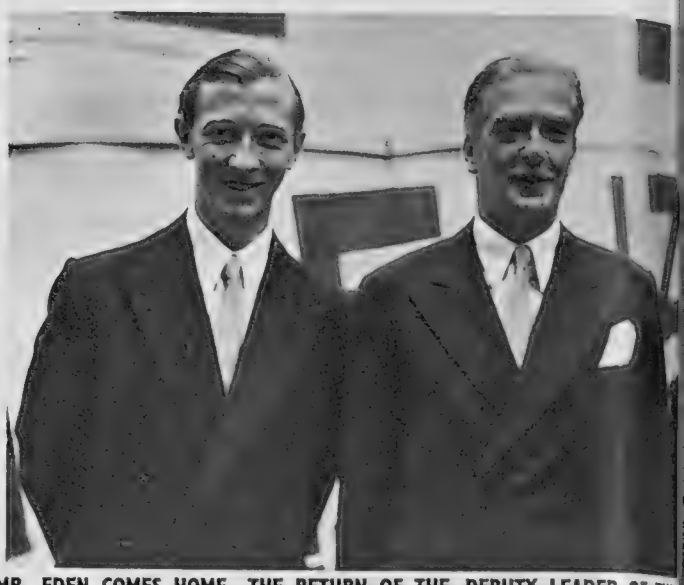
YACHT-RACING IN HARBOUR AT MALTA: The Royal Yacht Club was leading the Messina Yacht Club and the Palermo Yacht Club at the end of the second day of the International Yacht-racing at Malta. On this particular day the racing was held in the Marsamuxett harbour and creeks owing to the high seas running outside.

THE OPENING OF THE DARTMOUTH ROYAL REGATTA: Some of the dinghies competing in the regatta, which had a record post-war entry of nearly 500 in the sailing events alone. Because of bad weather, a number of sailing-vessels entered from Torquay could not take part.

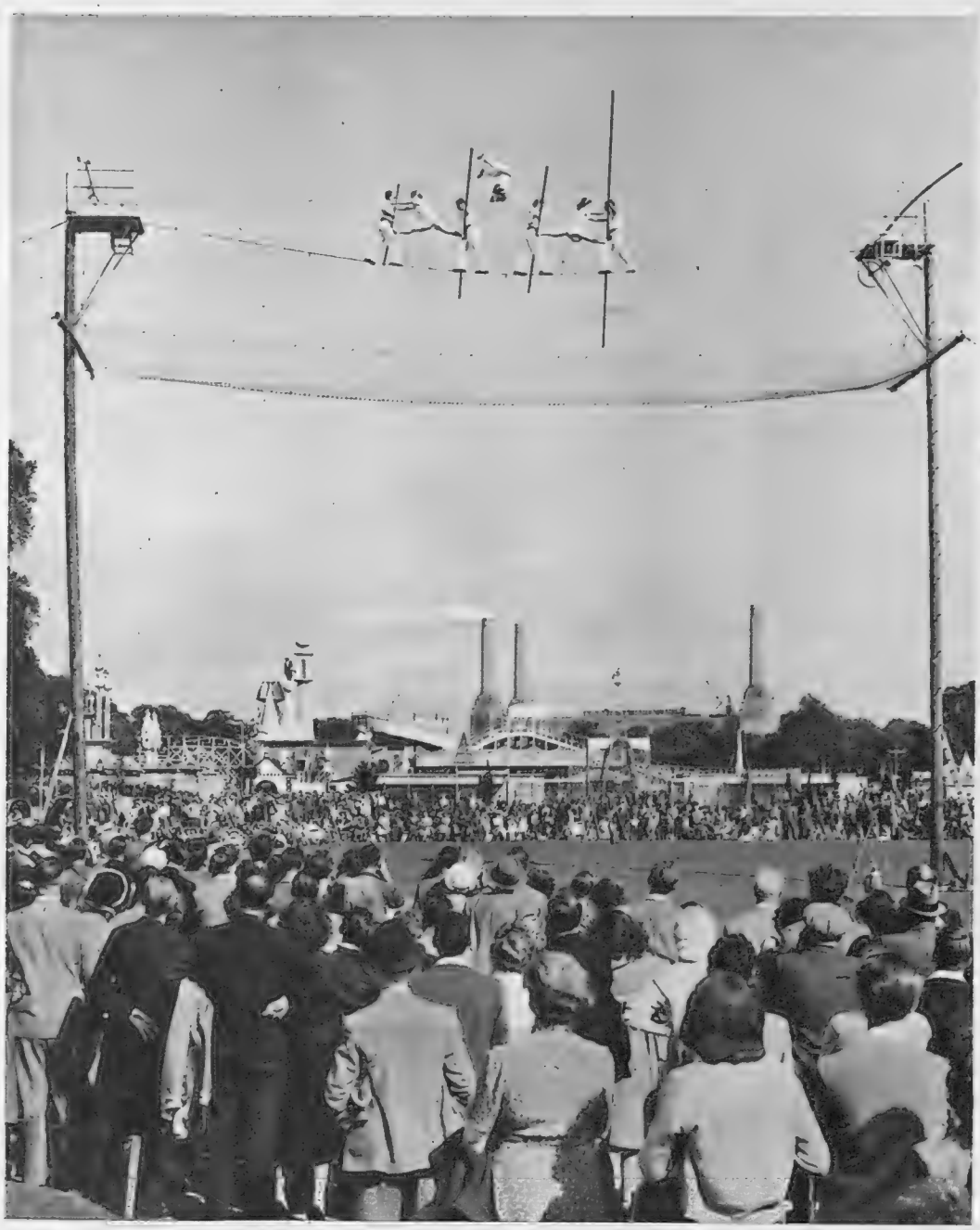
SEPTEMBER DAYS IN ENGLAND

A Survey of Home Events in Pictures

A GREAT ATTRACTION FOR THE SURROUNDING VILLAGES OF OXFORD AT THE BEGINNING OF SEPTEMBER—THE FIRST DAY OF THE ST. GILES' FAIR : A busy scene in St. Giles Street on the first day of the St. Giles' Fair, a survival of the old-time Wakes, when many people from outlying villages flocked into Oxford to crowd round the stalls and to take part in the many side-shows and roundabouts. The Fair is held at the time of the Festival of St. Giles, the patron saint of lepers and beggars. One of the most notable St. Giles' Fairs was that instituted by the Conqueror on St. Giles Hill or Down, near Winchester. It was given as a kind of revenue to the Bishop of Winchester, who used to exact a toll of every load or parcel of goods entering the city.



MR. EDEN COMES HOME—THE RETURN OF THE DEPUTY LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION FROM A MONTH'S TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA : With the former Foreign Secretary is Mr. Robert Carr, Conservative M.P. for Mitcham, who accompanied him during his tour. During his tour of the United States, when he made several public speeches and gave many informal talks, Mr. Eden was greeted by enthusiastic audiences. On his return to England he said that the Americans want peace and are deeply concerned about keeping it. He thought they were perhaps more pessimistic about the possibility of a third world war than people in Britain and that the situation was due partly to the number of men America had in Korea and to the American casualties there.



A NEW ATTRACTION AT THE BATTERSEA PARK PLEASURE GARDENS—MEMBERS OF A GERMAN FAMILY PRESENT A DISPLAY OF HIGH-WIRE ACROBATICS : The Stey Troupe of Hamburg opened their short season at the beginning of September and immediately became a great attraction for the thousands of Festival visitors promenading through the Gardens. This picture was taken during one of the breath-taking acts on the 50-ft.-high wire when the man in the centre of the group was somersaulted at 6 ft. above the wire. The three chimneys in the background form part of the Battersea Power Station. Although the South Bank Exhibition is to close at the end of this month, the Pleasure Gardens are to remain open until the end of October.

BROADCAST COMMENTARY ON FOOTBALL MATCHES RETURNS : Mr. Raymond Glendenning (left), the B.B.C. sports commentator, gives the first B.B.C. football broadcast since the ban on broadcasting commentaries was lifted by the Football League. The B.B.C. agreed with the League that the location of matches to be broadcast would not be disclosed until the commentator went on the air. This particular broadcast was to have been of the match between Newcastle United and Tottenham but, it was said, a national newspaper gave away the secret and it was decided to give a broadcast of the Queen's Park Rangers *v.* Swansea match instead.

A NEW ZEALAND HIGH COMMISSIONER ON HIS LAST DAY OF OFFICE : Mr. W. J. Jordan (centre) with members of the New Zealand bowls team at a luncheon in London on August 31, which was the last day of his duties as High Commissioner for New Zealand. Mr. Jordan was born at Ramsgate, Kent, in 1879, and emigrated to New Zealand in 1904. He was one of the early leaders of the Labour Party in New Zealand and has represented the country in London since 1936, a longer period of office than any other ambassador at present in London. He is succeeded by 67-year-old Mr. F. W. Doidge, who has been a close associate of Lord Beaverbrook.

RELIEF STORES ARE RUSHED TO HURRICANE-STRICKEN JAMAICA: One of the Royal Navy's fastest ships, the minelayer H.M.S. *Apollo*, which is said to be capable of 40 knots, takes aboard relief supplies for Jamaica, which was devastated by a hurricane recently. The ship's cargo includes medical supplies and 1,500 tents for the temporary housing of people left homeless by the great storm. H.M.S. *Apollo* was expected to reach Jamaica on September 13. Last week, Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of the Island, said that damage to Government property there amounted to about £1,000,000. Even with the assistance they were getting, he said, the prospect before them was grim.

HARVESTERS IN LINCOLNSHIRE RACE AGAINST THE WEATHER: Three combine harvesters in action on the prairie-like fields of Withcall, in Lincolnshire. These 55-h.p. machines are capable of harvesting 5 tons of grain in an hour. They are at work on the farm of Mr. A. W. Smith, who claims that his 850 acres make him the biggest one-man grain-farmer.

ARROWS FLY LIKE HAIL AS THE SAXON FORCES STORM A NORMAN CASTLE: But the castle is of lath and plaster and Saxons and Normans merely film extras. It was part of the filming of Scott's famous novel, *Ivanhoe*. The fake Torquilstone Castle, supposed to be somewhere in Yorkshire, is at Boreham Woods, in Hertfordshire. Elizabeth Taylor, Robert Taylor, George Sanders and Emlyn Williams are stars included in the cast of this new film.

CROMWELL'S VICTORY AT WORCESTER, 300 YEARS AGO, IS COMMEMORATED BY A SERVICE AT WESTMINSTER: Beneath the statue of Oliver Cromwell, outside the Houses of Parliament, a service is held to commemorate the Protector's victory at the Battle of Worcester. The service was conducted by the Rev. H. F. Lovell Cocks, Principal of Western College, Bristol, and a section of Wesley's Chapel Choir led the singing of the hymns. The "Last Post" and the "Reveille" were sounded by two buglers of the 2nd Battalion, Coldstream Guards.

THE GAME THAT GAVE PALL MALL ITS NAME: Unique in Britain, and probably the world, is the court in the grounds of the Freemason's Arms, Downshire Hill, Hampstead, where the ancient game of Paille Maille (after which Pall Mall was named) has been revived. Seen on the "carpet" of the court (in the forefront is the "apron") are, left to right, Mr. S. Adams, late professional of Hampstead Golf Club; Mr. W. G. Jackson (senior), putting the ball through the ring; Mr. W. Jackson (junior); and Mr. Fred Pyle, world champion paille maille player. The game was introduced from France by Charles II. It is played by propelling 10-lb. lignum vitæ balls, 7 ins. in diameter, through a ring.

LONDON OPERA CLUB MEMBERS HAVE AN UNUSUAL OUTING: Over 100 members of the club travelled on the Regent Canal recently in "narrow boats," the traditional craft of the canals, supplied by the Docks and Inland Waterways Executive. Here they are negotiating a difficult turn in Regent's Park. The boats started from Blomfield Road, London, W., at the west end of Maida Hill Tunnel, and travelled through Maida Hill and Islington Tunnels, through Regent's Park and the Zoological Gardens, to tea in the Wenlock Basin. Afterwards the barges went through Victoria Park and Mile End.

A CHARMING MEWS COTTAGE HUDDLED AGAINST THE WALL OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, KNIGHTSBRIDGE : This is a typical example of the many tiny houses and flats to be found tucked away behind larger and more prosaic buildings in West London.

ONE OF THE DELIGHTFUL LITTLE FLATS IN OLD BARRACK YARD : Its winding, iron staircase leads to the front door. Wherever there is room for them, pots of flowers and other plants are placed. In summertime they are a riot of colour against the clean, white-painted walls. Once there were the grim barracks of soldiers here.

FROM NOISY MART TO QUIET MEWS

The Transformation of Old Barrack Yard, Knightsbridge

THE GRENADIER PUBLIC HOUSE ON THE CORNER OF WILTON ROW AND OLD BARRACK YARD : It was from here that the Grenadier Guards started on their journey to the campaign of Waterloo.

WHERE THOROUGHBRED HORSES WERE ONCE SOLD AT TATTERSALL'S CIRCUS : Brightly-painted garages topped by charming flats now stand where Tattersall started his horse market. Here, bishops and earls rubbed shoulders with costermongers and grooms to bid for the finest horses.

Within a stone's-throw of Hyde Park Corner, tucked away behind St. George's Hospital, is Old Barrack Yard, a tiny, half-forgotten bit of London. This mews, and the adjoining Wilton Row, were once a barracks. From the nearby public house, The Grenadier, the gallant Grenadiers marched off in 1815 to meet Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo. Like the many other backwaters of old London, the tiny flats here have been delightfully decorated ; flowers are everywhere and each window, no matter how small, has a blaze of colour and beauty suspended in a box outside. At the south-eastern corner of St. George's Hospital nearby was formerly the entrance to Tattersall's celebrated auction mart "so renowned through all the length and breadth of horse-loving, horse-breeding, horse-racing Europe." Here noblemen and costermongers, bishops and blacklegs, horse-breeders, grooms and jockeys mingled promiscuously on auction days. Richard Tattersall was a training groom to the Duke of Kingston. He opened the auction mart in 1770 after the death of his patron, but his fortune was laid by his purchase of the famous racehorse Highflyer, for which he paid £2,500—an enormous price for a horse in those days. The mart was moved in 1865, to a site near the Albert Gate in Knightsbridge, where it still stands.

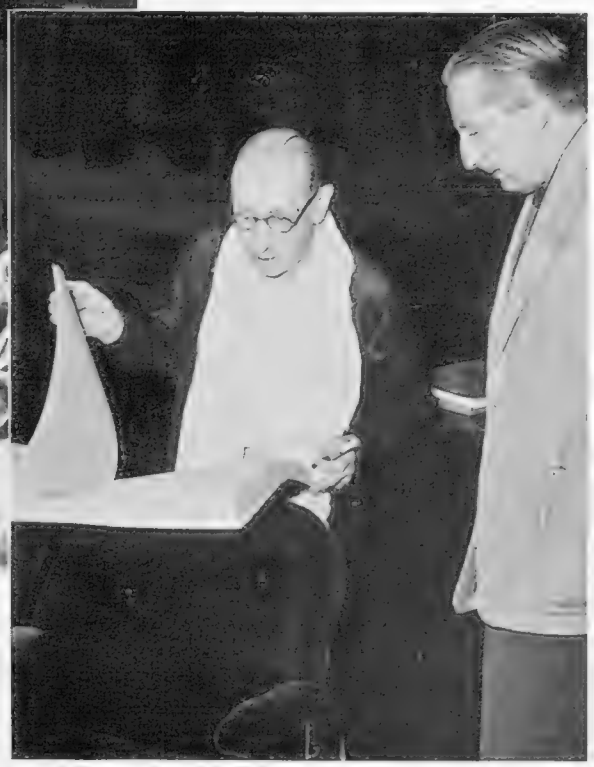
Overlooking the mews is St. Paul's Church, consecrated in 1843 and scene of many a nineteenth-century conflict between parishioners and its clergy, who were prominent leaders of the Ritualistic or "high church" party. One of these disputes went as far as the courts of law with a vestryman of the church, a Mr. Westerman, vigorously challenging the clergy. But the sounds of ecclesiastical strife, the clatter of horses' hoofs and the heavy tread of marching soldiers are gone from this little London backwater. There is nothing now but the quaint and pretty flats housing those who live quietly and appreciatively in the redolence of London's history.

MILAN and ISLINGTON

Rehearsals for Premieres of Opera and Ballet

IGOR STRAVINSKY REHEARSES HIS LATEST OPERA AT LA SCALA OPERA HOUSE, MILAN : The Russian-born composer, who became an American citizen in 1945, is seen discussing the score of *The Rake's Progress* with Ferdinand Leitner of the Stuttgart Opera, who conducted the opera after its premiere in Venice this week.

Igor Fedorovitch Stravinsky, whose latest work was performed a few days ago at the Venice Festival, was born at Oranienbaum in 1882. As a young man he read law but abandoned his studies to devote his full time to music in 1902 on the advice of Rimsky-Korsakov. He soon came to the notice of Diaghilev who, in 1910, commissioned him to compose the music for the ballet *The Firebird*. The following year came his masterpiece, *Petroushka*, and later work for the ballet included *Pulcinella* in 1919, *Las Noces* in 1923, and *Le Baiser de la Fée* in 1928. For many years Stravinsky lived in Paris. Shortly before the last war he went to the United States, where he became an American citizen in 1945. From 1910 to 1930, Stravinsky followed the principle that music should make largely a physical appeal. He is a master of cacophony and counterpoint. More recently, he adopted a classical style, as was shown in his *Symphonie de Psaumes* for choir and orchestra in 1930; his concerto for sixteen instruments (Dumbarton Oaks), in 1938; and his symphony in C.



PREPARING FOR THE VENICE FESTIVAL PREMIERE : Stravinsky takes a short rest during the rehearsal of his new opera. The Scala Orchestra was conducted by the composer himself during the premiere performance.

THE SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET REHEARSES ITS FIRST FULL-LENGTH BALLET, "COPPELIA" : The young company leaves England on September 25 for a six-months tour of Canada and the United States. On the right in this picture are Pirmin Trecu dancing Franz and Maryon Lane as Swanhilda.

WATCHING FROM THE WINGS : Stella Claire, Donald Britton, Stella Farrance and Maureen Bruce watch the rehearsal for the first night at Sadler's Wells. The company which is to tour North America will be forty-nine strong.

"COPPELIA" AT SADLER'S WELLS : Pauline Harrop, Maryon Lane (Swanhilda), Pirmin Trecu (Franz), and Veronica Vail are among the forty-two dancers who will tour North America with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. The company will be presented by the American impresario, Sol Hurok, who sponsored the Sadler's Wells Ballet on their two enormously successful tours. At the first night at Islington, twenty-one-year-old Elaine Fifield danced Swanhilda, and David Blair, Franz. On tour, Swanhilda will be danced by Maryon Lane and Svetlana Beriosova as well as Elaine Fifield; Franz by Pirmin Trecu and Donald Britton as well as Blair; and Dr. Coppelius by David Poole and Stanley Holden. The young company will be making its first foreign tour when it leaves on September 25 on the same boat as Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh—the *Empress of France*. Over sixty towns in Canada and America will be visited during the six months of their stay. The tour opens in Quebec on October 5. The varied repertoire includes *Swan Lake*, *Casse Noisette*, *Haunted Ballroom*, *The Prospect Before Us*, *Façade*, *Pineapple Poll* and *Beauty and the Beast*, as well as the full-length *Coppelia*. The orchestra will be conducted by twenty-eight-year-old John Lanchbery and by Robert Zeller as guest conductor. Lanchbery was with the Metropolitan Ballet for two years and has composed music for television, for five ballets and five films.

New Lamps and Old

A FEW WELL-CHOSEN WORDS

Some Thoughts on the Art of Brevity in Prose. By JOHN GORE

SOME THOUGHTS ON PROSE STYLE.—That brevity is the soul of wit is more than an aphorism—it is a truism. Humour may be conveyed long-windedly, wit never. I am not less sure that the prose of action is ideally modelled on the Latin of Tacitus and that a trained writer like Masefield or a man of action like Captain Scott is the best model for those who would relate a story of high endeavour and adventure. There are always exceptions to confound one. Mr. Churchill, for example, or the incomparable Napier describing the soldiers' battle of Albuera.

These masters, undoubtedly, are rather in the line of Macaulay than of Masefield, but it remains true that lesser men wishing to shine in the prose of action should model themselves rather on the poet-laureate, choosing a style staccato rather than ornate and elaborate, preferring the short sentence and the short word with a very minimum of superlatives and of adjectives generally. And what goes for the general in the prose of action goes also for the business letter and the official memorandum. In these last fields, Sir Ernest Gowers is an excellent guide, and his *Plain Words* should be on every amateur writer's desk.

I am inclined to think that "plain words" and brevity can do the trick even in the still more difficult art of building up atmosphere, achieving the appropriate background for a scene of terror or remorse or other form of physical or mental tragedy.

"Long and Short of It."—I sometimes have taken as an example that brief sentence in Judas's betrayal of Christ in the Gospel of St. John:

"And he went out . . .
and it was night."

It is difficult to imagine that any elaborate choice of phrases and qualifying words could better paint an atmosphere of horror to surround the tragic battle in Judas's dark soul at the Last Supper. But Conrad, in *Typhoon*, attains his object by other and more elaborate means:

"A faint burst of lightning quivered all round the ship as if flashed into a cavern—into a black and secret chamber of the sea, with a floor of foaming crests.

"It unveiled for a sinister, fluttering moment a ragged mass of clouds hanging low, the lurch of the long outlines of the ship, the black figures of men caught on the bridge, heads forward as if petrified in the act of butting. The darkness palpitated down on all this and then the real thing came.

"It was something formidable and swift, like the sudden smashing of a viol of wrath. It seemed to explode all round the ship with an overpowering concussion and a rush of great waters, as if an immense dam had been blown up to windward. . . ."

Blob on blob of paint, smashed on with a palette-knife, simile on simile, adjective superimposed on adjective. But very effective also. Yet somehow those eight monosyllables from the New Testament are not less effective in supplying the same sense of utmost horror.

Jane Austen, in her gentle comedy, wasted (as Lord David Cecil told us at Chawton the other day) little time on scene painting, but when some background was needed, she could do it in a few effective strokes. "While Mrs. Bennett stirred the fire" were words enough to give us a photographic record of a room in Longbourn and of Mrs. B.'s back-view. A pregnant moment.

Headline and Slogan.—It all depends on what has gone before. If the narrative has been well set out, if the writer has done his work well and made good use of the tools of his trade, his audience can "do without scenery," as did Shakespeare's audiences. They could hear the surf beating even on the sea-coast of Bohemia without need of "noises off" and could *feel* the Forest of Arden without the aid of "real rabbits." The choice of words—one could write for ever on that theme! One must in an article of this length make selection of a single avenue from the delightful hundred which open out and invite exploration. Let us examine the question:

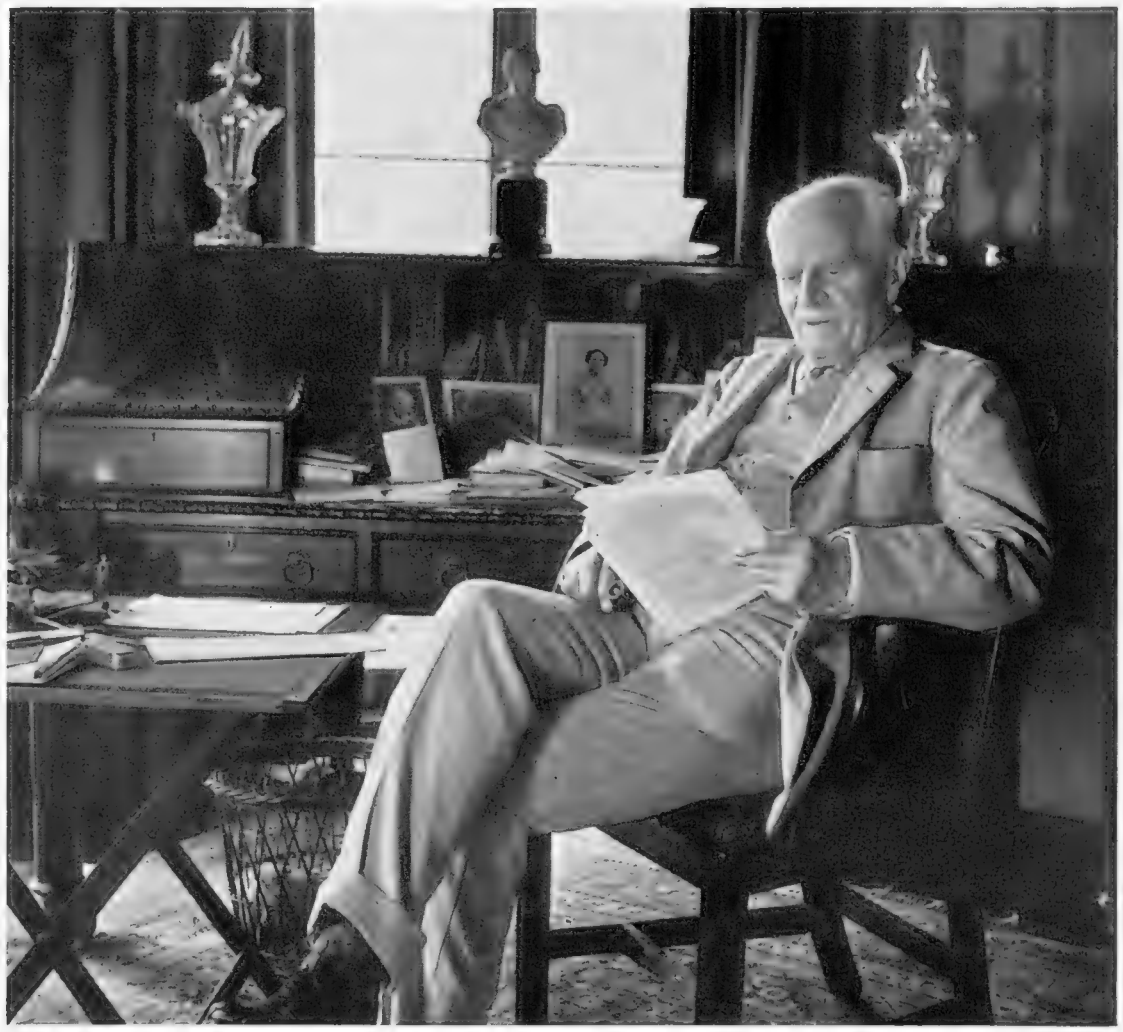
Is the whole (the essential) truth best told shortly? Can it be told shortly?

Is a précis ever exact? Is a headline always misleading? Is a slogan invariably one-sided?

All my life I have dealt in words. I shudder to think how many millions of them, arranged by me, have been sent to the poor printer to set up. However it may be, the craft of stringing words is still my means of livelihood, and is now my favourite recreation when I try to "tell the story" with the minimum of words. That is not possible in day-to-day journalism. A journalist's technique is something of a monkey trick. There are so many clichés and concrete phrases which publicists have copied from previous generations of writers, which come instantly to his pen's tip, and it is far harder and slower work to reject them and patiently try for the *mot juste* for the special subject on hand. The average journalist (to take a crude example) really does find it quicker, easier and more natural to write "the burglar effected his entry by the pantry window" than to write "got in." So formal an Esperanto has journalese become

The Power of Words.—But sometimes I find time for word selection as a recreation, and then the charm of the art grips me and absorbs me as oil-painting absorbs Mr. Churchill.

A man will ask my advice on some point. It is sheer pleasure to try to give him the essence of it in "a few well-chosen words." Or I am asked occasionally to find the words for a memorial in stone. One can be absorbed in the task for twice as long as it takes the graver to cut them in stone. There is good reason for taking time over a précis, for to-day, all the world over, the headline—a précis—is about all the majority of the human race have time, inclination and even skill to read. Headlines can settle questions of peace and war. They should not, therefore, be ambiguous or half-truths. Too often they are both. The responsibilities of sub-editors are therefore grave. So much may depend on their choice of three or four words that no limits can be set to the scope of their pre-education and apprenticeship. They must be learned in the Latin authors and in the Masters of English prose, must certainly have achieved Honours in the School of Law, passed Bar exams. and read for a year in the chambers of a conveyancer. After that, with some years' experience in Fleet Street under a master-editor, they may hope to choose quickly four words which will tell the essence of a "story" without prejudice to the truth or to any particular individual.



HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL AT HIS DESK AT WIDCOMBE MANOR, BATH: Mr. Vachell, who will be ninety years old next month and who has nearly ninety books and plays to his name, is seen looking over the manuscript of his latest novel. His home, Widcombe Manor, was the subject of one of his books, *The Golden House*. Henry Fielding lived at Widcombe Manor in the days when he wrote his famed classic *Tom Jones*.

H. A. VACHELL AT HOME

A Veteran Novelist and His West-country Mansion

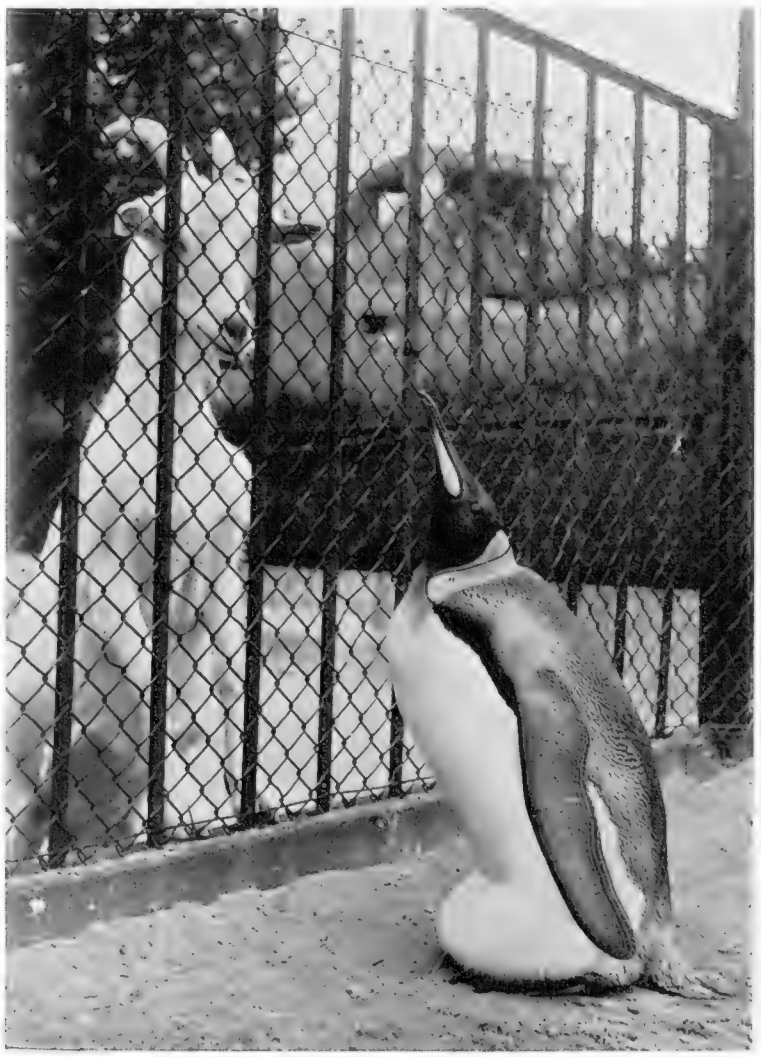
On right—
STANDING AT THE DOOR OF WIDCOMBE MANOR: Horace Annesley Vachell with a young friend. Vachell, who was educated at Harrow and Sandhurst, began as an officer in the Regular Army, but he took to literature as a young man, the study of character rather than dramatic incident being the keynote of his works. *The Hill*, his story of public school life, was published in 1905, and it has been a best-seller with generations of Harrovians. Then followed the remarkable Quinneys series.

A PRINCE AMONG PENGUINS

The Hatching of a King Penguin Chick at the London Zoo

THE DEVOTED PARENT: Baby, scrutinises her chick, which she carries on her feet. This is the second King Penguin chick hatched at the London Zoo.

PROUD PARENTS AT THE ZOO: The hatching in captivity of a King Penguin egg is a rare occasion. Only once before has it happened at London Zoo and on that occasion the chick did not survive. So when Baby and her mate Tubby successfully hatched their egg at the Zoo on August 31, after a seven-week incubation period, everything possible was done to ensure that the youngster survived. At the time of writing it is thriving under the devoted care of parents and keepers. In this picture the chick, which has not yet been named, is being transferred from the hen bird (right) to the male, for both share not only in incubating the egg but in rearing and feeding the young bird. There are now six King Penguins at the London Zoo, including the young newcomer. Together with their smaller cousins, the Cape black-footed penguins, they are among the most popular comedians at the Zoo. Very little is known of the development of young King Penguins, for none has been reared before in captivity, but it is thought that they remain for a very long period in the "downy" stage before acquiring their adult plumage. King Penguins live quite happily in confinement. One of them, brought from the Antarctic in 1914, lived for twenty-seven years at the zoo in Edinburgh.



UNDER-THE-COUNTER SERVICE: The King Penguin chick makes loud demands for food. *On left*—**THE HEN DURING THE INCUBATION PERIOD SEEN WITH A SYMPATHETIC VISITOR:** The hen lays but one egg, which she and the male bird incubate in turn. The muscles of the birds' stomachs fall down and cover the egg, which is held between the feet.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF MONSARRAT

A Superb Novel of War on the Sea and the Lonely Battle Against the U-boats

IT is a wonderful thing, and a rare one, when one finds a novel for which there only seem to be words of praise. But such is Mr. Nicholas Monsarrat's book, THE CRUEL SEA (Cassell. 12s. 6d.), which is admittedly on a very special phase of a very special subject and therefore, just possibly, not everybody's choice of reading. It is, in fact, the story of the convoy system and the corvettes and frigates which helped to make it possible in the Atlantic for nearly six years in the war. These wonderful little ships—and some of them were so small and so narrow that they would roll through an 80-degree angle—were manned and officered by the Royal Navy, the R.N.R. and that incalculable and magnificent force, the R.N.V.R.

Mr. Monsarrat's novel, which is written after those same years of personal experience, not only tells you all there is to know about convoys, but all you *should* know about them if you are to recognise the greatness of your own country. The blind, magnificent courage, the apparently hopeless odds, the years of lonely battle against a magnificently organised German U-boat fleet, who sailed from half the coast of Europe whereas we had not even the help of the Irish ports whose lifeline our sailors were dying to protect, and the unbelievable and persistent good humour of our men.

There is a great deal to be written about this superb book, and I have no doubt that it will be written wherever it is published and read, but to that volume I would like to add my humble word not only of praise but of gratitude.

In this country, at any rate, Mr. John O'Hara's BUTTERFIELD 8 (Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.) is a literary curiosity. It was first published in New York in 1930, in what was then known as the Depression and at the height (and in the depths) of the Prohibition era. It is curious to note that its publication in this country was prevented by the prurient vigilance of that same Minister of the Crown who persecuted D. H. Lawrence. It is also curious to see how positively "dated" a contemporary novel can become in the brief space of sixteen years. It is even more curious to see this classic billed as "by the author of *A Rage to Live*."

For *Butterfield* 8 is a classic, of the same vintage as the works of that other genius, F. Scott Fitzgerald; lately come into favour among the highbrows. Mr. O'Hara's last novel is not.

Briefly, *Butterfield* 8 is the story of the hectic life, and violent death at the age of twenty-two, of a pretty girl from an average middle-class family, violated in childhood by a pervert and again in her early teens by a man who taught her to drink and dope as well. The story of Gloria Wandrous is told with that pity and sense of terror that only a great writer can give it. It is more than an indictment of a terrible phase in the social history of the American "way of life": it is an inescapable comment on what is sometimes proudly referred to as Western civilisation; and it is devastating.

We are told that M. Jean-Baptiste Rossi was only sixteen when he wrote THE FALSE START (Secker and Warburg. 9s. 6d.). "His outlook," the blurb goes on, "is astonishingly mature." A boy of fourteen falls in love with a woman of twenty-eight. In a sensitive nature the awakening of love is exquisitely felt in pain and pleasure. At sixteen the bloom may still be there and a powerful sense of wondrous discovery omnipresent. More often than not, such tender blossoms lie bruised and broken in the pits of banality into which they fall.

M. Rossi avoids all such pitfalls and for once a "blurbist" is triumphantly right. For the boy lives most of his waking life in the cribbed, cabined and confined atmosphere of a Jesuit college, and he comes from a pious home where, equally, he is not encouraged to think for himself. His relationship with his schoolfellows, the masters, his family and the whole pattern of his circumscribed life is beautifully and sensitively recorded. His *amour* is a nun; and again the nuances of *that* situation are delicately and realistically handled.

With such a work the critic, I feel, should tread softly in the Yeatsian sense. It is difficult to predict what the moth and rust of experience may do with such talent. The translator deserves a special bouquet.

THE SLY HYENA (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.), by Barbara Worsley-Gough, belongs to that school of fiction made popular by Mrs. Angela Thirkell, although in justice to this book it should be said that the snobbery is less adamantine and that the jokes occasionally

SISTER ELIZABETH KENNY ARRIVES IN EUROPE: The Australian nurse who introduced a special therapeutical procedure to cure infantile paralysis, disembarks from an aeroplane at Melsbroek Airport, Belgium, during her journey to Copenhagen, where she has been attending an International Conference on Poliomyelitis. In *And They Shall Walk* (Robert Hale. 15s.) Sister Kenny, in collaboration with Martha Ostenso, tells the story of her life and the development of her method of treating paralysis.

stray into the Mitford country. The trouble is caused by the incursion of the daughter of a Swiss missionary, brought up in the Far East, beautiful, and exquisitely dressed, into her mother's family, a stuffy lot of eccentrics, impregnably county.

Their in-laws are an even more assorted lot, ranging from a tall, handsome law lord called Lord Puisne, to the mother of the real heroine, who lives on roots and dandelions at a place called Oldeworlde. That is the kind of book it is, and very much the kind of novel that some people like.

THE PATHS OF GLORY (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) is an historical novel that needed to be written: the story of General Wolfe, who captured Quebec and died in that battle at the age of thirty-two, with seventeen years of soldiering already behind him. It was not only this exploit, though, which will assure him a place in the hall of English fame, but the enormous and practical influence which even such a young man was able to exert on the organisation and the spirit of our Army. Mr. Kenneth Fenwick writes of his hero with great verve and dash, but he has also taken time to describe in fascinating detail the composition and battle order of the regiments of the day, and the part that artillery, cavalry and infantry took in those punishing eighteenth-century battles which were fought with such a deadly formality.

Mr. John Cowper Powys has a solid reputation as a romantic writer, and I should say that no one deserved it more, judging by his new novel, which is solid to the point of impenetrability. PORIUS (Macdonald. 15s.) is announced as a romance of the Dark Ages, and with this statement I have no quarrel, only finding it difficult to realise that in nearly 700 pages only eight days of the year A.D. 499 are covered, and those eight days only in the lives of a group of people concerned with King Arthur's attempt to weld the people of Britain into an anti-Saxon force. Porius himself is a Brythonic prince of Romanised culture, and it is scarcely Mr. Powys's fault if the reader does not get the full impact of *that* combination.

JUBEL'S CHILDREN (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is a pleasant, harmless and, on the whole, salutary tale on the theme of children's responsibility towards their parents. Mr. Lenard Kaufman sets his stage with an old cabinet-maker in a small Pennsylvania town, who suddenly loses his wife, and whose four children, all of them adult and married or otherwise involved, come back to see him and to discuss among themselves with varying degrees of warmth, or resentment, what they shall do to provide for their father's comfort. It is a neatly-contrived plot, and well executed. In its quiet way, I enjoyed it.

There is nothing in the least quiet about LARKS IN THE POPCORN (Arthur Barker. 9s. 6d.), nor would any sane person expect it after a study of the title and the cover. Mr. H. Allen Smith is a well-known funny man on Broadway and now apparently in the chic suburbia a little to the north of New York City. The present volume is an account of some of his experiences while he was settling down in his country estate, which appears to be bounded by Rockefellers in the south-west and by the one and only Tallulah Bankhead in the north-east.

MY SISTER EILEEN by Ruth McKenney (Hart-Davis. 7s. 6d.) is a welcome reprint of that amusing book which appeared over here before the war.

NIGHT MAN (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.), "a novelisation by Allan Ullman from the screen play by Lucille Fletcher," is very short even for a thriller, which makes it possible not to put it down. It is about a girl with an overpowering mother, both of whom fall in love with the same man. The mother is killed and the man is sentenced to twenty years for her murder. The tension mounts when the man escapes and begins to appear once more in the girl's life. Screen plays have of necessity to be realistically objective and cannot indulge in too many subtleties. This rendering does not fail on either count.

Dr. C. Willett Cunnington and Dr. Phillis Cunnington, who formed the admirable Cunnington Collection of English costume now housed in Manchester, have now written as a logical sequel, THE HISTORY OF UNDERCLOTHES (Michael Joseph. 30s.), a long and well-illustrated book which was possibly intended for the shelves of specialists in such matters, but which makes quite entertaining reading for anyone capable of mastering a laundry list. Naturally, these two writers take their subject seriously, but they have their sly fun, too, as in their choice of illustrations.

IN THE DAYS OF THE DUMAS

Prodigal Father and Well-ordered Son

It may be courting difficulty, but it is none the less quite natural to attempt to bring within the compass of a single volume Alexandre Dumas, the Elder, that fantastic figure who set his name to 1,000 or 1,200 volumes, dramas, romances, books of travel, historical scraps, compilations on art, crime, and cookery, the perpetrator of *The Three Musketeers*, and Alexandre Dumas the Younger, the natural son of the famous romancer, the author of *La Dame aux Camelias*, that novel based upon his real-life passion for the wondrous Marie Duplessis. That is exactly what Edith Saunders has sought to do in THE PRODIGAL FATHER (Longmans. 18s.); but she has not halted there, caught up, no doubt, by the irresistible drama of the times, the interplay of personalities who loomed so large in the Paris of the middle years of the nineteenth century. Franz Liszt and Marie d'Agoult, who loved each other so deeply, and had the misfortune to live for a while beneath the eagle, analytical eye of George Sand at Nohant; Mlle. George, whom crowned heads sought in the heyday of her theatrical triumphs and all ignored in her double-chinned old age; and the incomparable Rachel, who waved the tricolour to such financial purpose; all strut and fret across the revolving stage of Miss Saunders' multiple biography, but at moments the reality of it all is inclined to fade, obviously because the erudite author has attempted too much. The impression of Dumas Père, the disorderly Bohemian, with his outrageous exhibitionism and his infinite capacity for mass literary production, of Dumas Fils, the respectable man of letters, the well-ordered son of a prodigal father, the established success who could afford to patronise even Flaubert, somehow emerges from all the turmoil of those days, though the feeling remains that it is in spite of an all-embracing technique, ever ready to digress, but withal entertainingly.

Lieut.-General Robert L. Eichelberger, a forthright infantry soldier of the Second World War, tells in JUNGLE ROAD TO TOKYO (Odhams. 15s.) the story of the American Eighth Army, which he commanded for three years from their initiation into war in the sweltering jungle swamps of Burma through the entire Pacific campaign to final victory. Although there are more than passing glimpses of the already-legendary MacArthur and the "big brass" of the High Command, the General dwells for the most part upon the Pacific campaigning which confronted the ordinary soldiers who, at times in the face of utter weariness, pushed on from one island assault to another. He tells of some of the fifty-two water-borne landings in the Philippines, in particular of the dash for Manila, where he nearly outran his own 11th Airborne troops in their great parachute drop at Tagaytay Ridge. At the close of the war General Eichelberger spent three years as head of the U.S. Eighth Army of Occupation, and at the close of his book he gives his comments upon that memorable experiment in democratic training. He notes with appreciation Japanese co-operation at all levels, but this thrusting leader upon the field of battle is not going to commit himself in the political field.

Claudio Monteverdi, the Italian priest and musician whose bold experiments were to have a lasting effect upon the progress of musical art, is the subject of a detailed study by Leo Schrade, Professor of the History of Music at Yale University, in his book, MONTEVERDI: CREATOR OF MODERN MUSIC (Victor Gollancz. 21s.). Monteverdi, who was born at Cremona in 1567, was the first to make deliberate use of unprepared dissonances, or what are now known as fundamental discords, and he introduced them into his first opera, *Ariana*, with irresistible effect. Professor Schrade's book is essentially for the keen student or the musical expert, and its purpose is to give an understanding of Monteverdi's art, first within its cultural and historical environment, and then as a monument of enduring greatness. Another American professor, Dr. Edwin J. Stringham, of Queen's College, New York, is also the author of a new volume on music, but one of very much wider appeal. In LISTENING TO MUSIC CREATIVELY (Werner Laurie. 25s.), he ranges far and wide, acting as a guide to the beginner and showing the development of this great art from the earliest stages to the most complex.

No living historian has better interpreted the meaning of history, its relation to man's common and contemporary experience, than Herbert Butterfield, Professor of Modern History at Cambridge University. Eight more of his brilliant essays are included in HISTORY AND HUMAN RELATIONS (Collins. 10s. 6d.). There is a powerful broadside against the literary historians, men like Carlyle, who splashed down what they knew in large masses of colour, and Macaulay, with his eye for dramatic situations and dramatic groupings

Rupert Croft-Cooke and W. S. Meadmore are the authors of THE SAWDUST RING (Odhams. 13s. 6d.), an admirably illustrated new volume about the history of the "Big Top" in England and the happy-go-lucky artistes who make up "the greatest show on earth."

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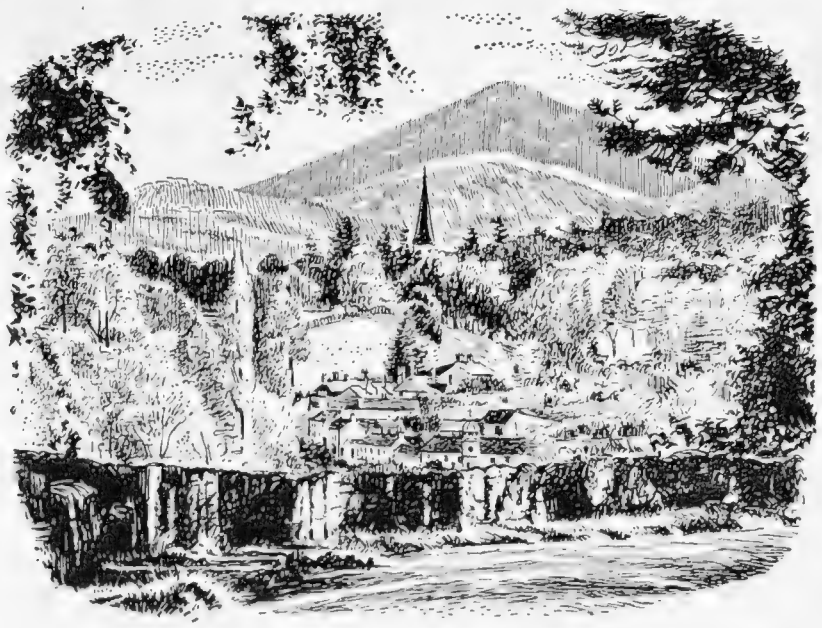

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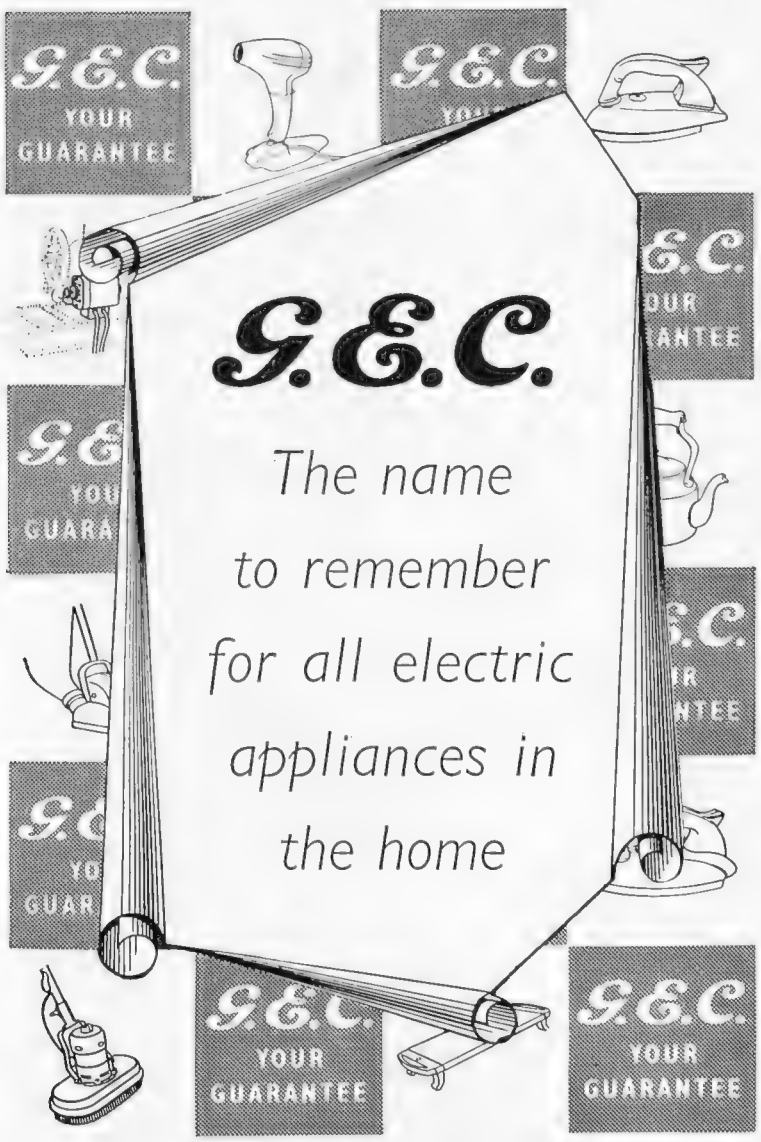

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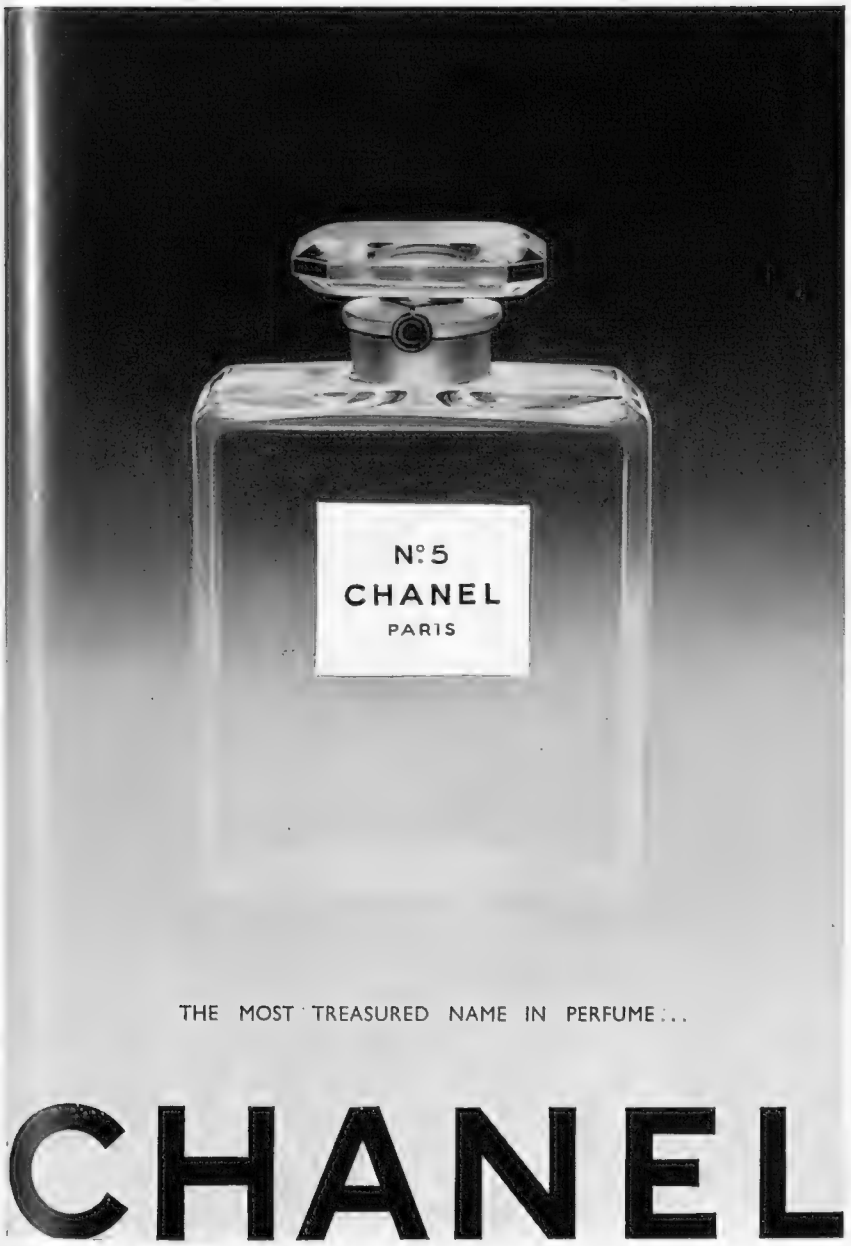

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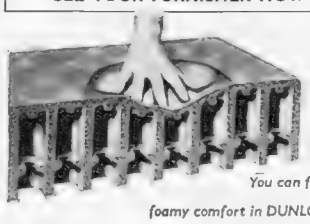

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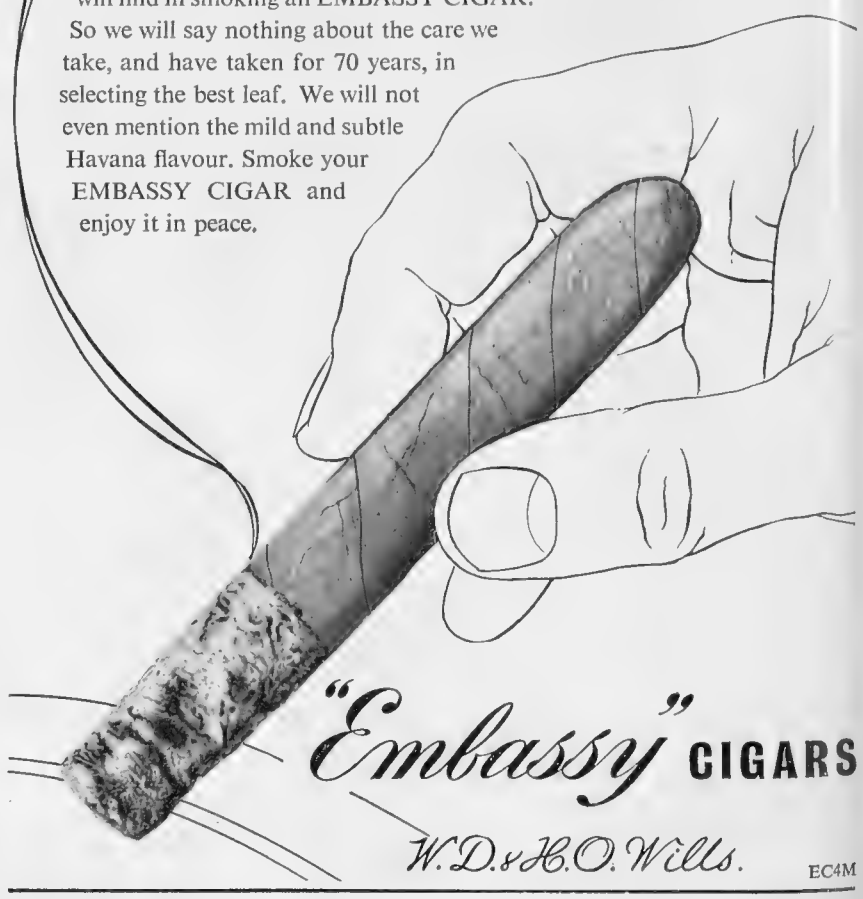

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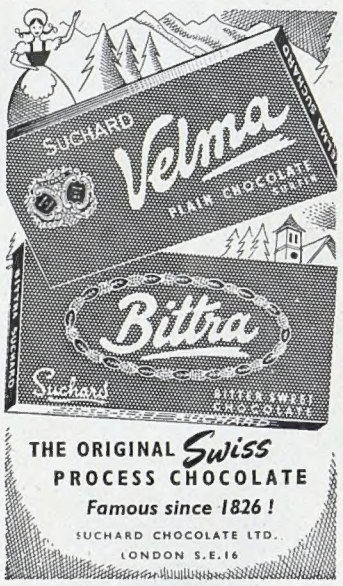

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